

# The Sketch

No. 1099.—Vol. LXXXV.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1914.

SIXPENCE.



## HIS FLOWERS!

This quaintly charming photograph shows one of the children of Mrs. Spencer, of Turvey, Bedfordshire, as she appeared at a recent fancy-dress ball.

Photograph by Thomson.

## FANCY-DRESS COMPETITION: SPECIAL NOTICE.

*We wish to draw our readers' attention to the fact that we are offering a costume to the value of £10, and a purple, green, red, yellow, or any other colour wig to the value of £5, to the first prize-winner and the second prize-winner respectively of the competition we announce on page 202. Our object is to find out who has designed or won the most original fancy-dress. You have no time to lose, as photographs must reach us before March 11th next. Again, we would say, read carefully the announcement on page 202.*

## MOTLEY NOTES.

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

### Human Nature Wanted.

I often wish that the editors of our daily papers would instruct the writers of their Parliamentary sketches to get a little more human nature into their copy. It would, I make so bold as to say, be better business as well as better journalism. The average reader cares very little for the scientific side of politics, but an important historic event, such as the opening of Parliament last week, has sufficient human and dramatic interest to engage the attention of all. If we had been present, as most of us would like to have been, what should we have told our friends about the matter when we came away? What questions would our friends have put to us? Surely, that is the supreme test of the descriptive journalist—to tell the reader what he wants to know.

Of course, business men and politicians wanted to know what Mr. Asquith and Mr. Walter Long and the others had to say about Home Rule; well, they had only to read the full reports of the speeches. They are not interested in the purely human side of the event, so that the Parliamentary sketch is clearly not for them. But what I, in common with the ordinary non-political person, wanted to know was how the King looked, how the Queen looked, how the King read his speech, and interesting matters of that sort.

Here, for example, is the sort of thing that interests the great public. I take it from the *Daily Telegraph*—

"Whenever the Prime Minister is to speak on great occasions, Sir John Simon usually devils for him and trots out to the library to fetch him the volumes of Hansard in which he knows just where to put his hand on an effective quotation. Then he sedulously finds the place and hands on the book to the Prime Minister, who reads and smiles and tosses a nod of thanks."

To me, that admirably written little passage is worth all the rest of the column-and-a-half.

### The Public Taste.

The taste of the public is often censured because nothing sells a newspaper so well as a good murder mystery. I do not think the public is to be blamed for this state of things. When I was a small boy, the daily papers never admitted the existence of human nature unless human nature had misbehaved itself. Murder cases, divorce cases, breach-of-promise cases—these were given prominence; but politics, royal functions, municipal functions, and so forth were treated in the dustiest possible manner. Much, I know, has been done to remedy this, but tradition dies hard in England, and it is still a happy accident if the accounts of such stirring events as the recent opening of Parliament are illumined with real little human pictures. And so the public, which is human first, last, and all the time in between, is compelled to turn for its humanity to the reports of human nature in disgrace.

The humanising of our daily papers still further may come very slowly, but it is bound to come. Watch for yourself, friend the reader.

### Popular Songs.

"An Englishman Returned" wrote a letter to the *Daily Mail* complaining that our popular songs were too sentimental—too "sappy," to use a fine schoolboy expression. He complained, in particular, I believe, of a song called "The Rosary." For my own part, I had no idea that there was a song called "The Rosary" in existence. Where can one hear it? I should like to hear it, but nobody that I know seems to sing it, not even the postman. Is it to be heard in any of the revues? That is the worst of present-day superiority—nobody will sing the popular songs. People still go to popular plays, and tell you, without a blush, that they have been, but they seem to think that there is something degrading about singing a popular song.

A month or two ago, a music-hall manager who was in the awful agonies of concocting a revue said something to me about a song called, "You Made Me Love You."

"What is that?" I asked.

He stared. "D'you mean to say," he replied at last, "that you've never heard it?"

"I've never even heard it or of it," I said truthfully.

"Well," he observed, with much laughter, "you ought to be in the revue as the only man who has never heard, 'You Made Me Love You.'"

That was a bright idea—which was the reason, I suppose, why it did not get into the revue.

### And Hymns.

Still, that manager had done something. He had aroused my curiosity about the song, and I determined to hear it. I sought out one of the bravest ladies of my acquaintance, and I persuaded her to buy the song and sing it in a room full of people. It was a great success, and we all sang the chorus. But here is the staggering thing. "An Englishman Returned" rails against this song as being a sign of modern softness and sentimentality, whereas I, in my ignorance, had taken it for a comic song! So that I am now left wondering whether it is intended to be comic or sentimental.

For all that, I am quite with "An Englishman Returned" when he clamours for sterner stuff in our songs. The sad song is all very well for unthinking people, but thinking people know that the world wants bracing songs, manly songs, songs that make you ache to take up a hatchet and hit somebody over the head with it. And it is precisely the same with hymns. There are too many mournful hymns in the hymn-books. "Onward, Christian Soldiers!" is worth a dozen of the sad, despairing hymns. I have always been very fond, too, of that Lenten hymn which begins each verse in a soft, stealthy way, as though you were creeping through underwood after the enemy, and then suddenly breaks out into the loud and passionate exhortation, "Christian, up and smite them!"

One regrets the days of the battle-axe.

### At the Opera.

Another man with a grievance is "Indignant." "Indignant's" grievance is the old, old grievance of bad manners at the Opera.

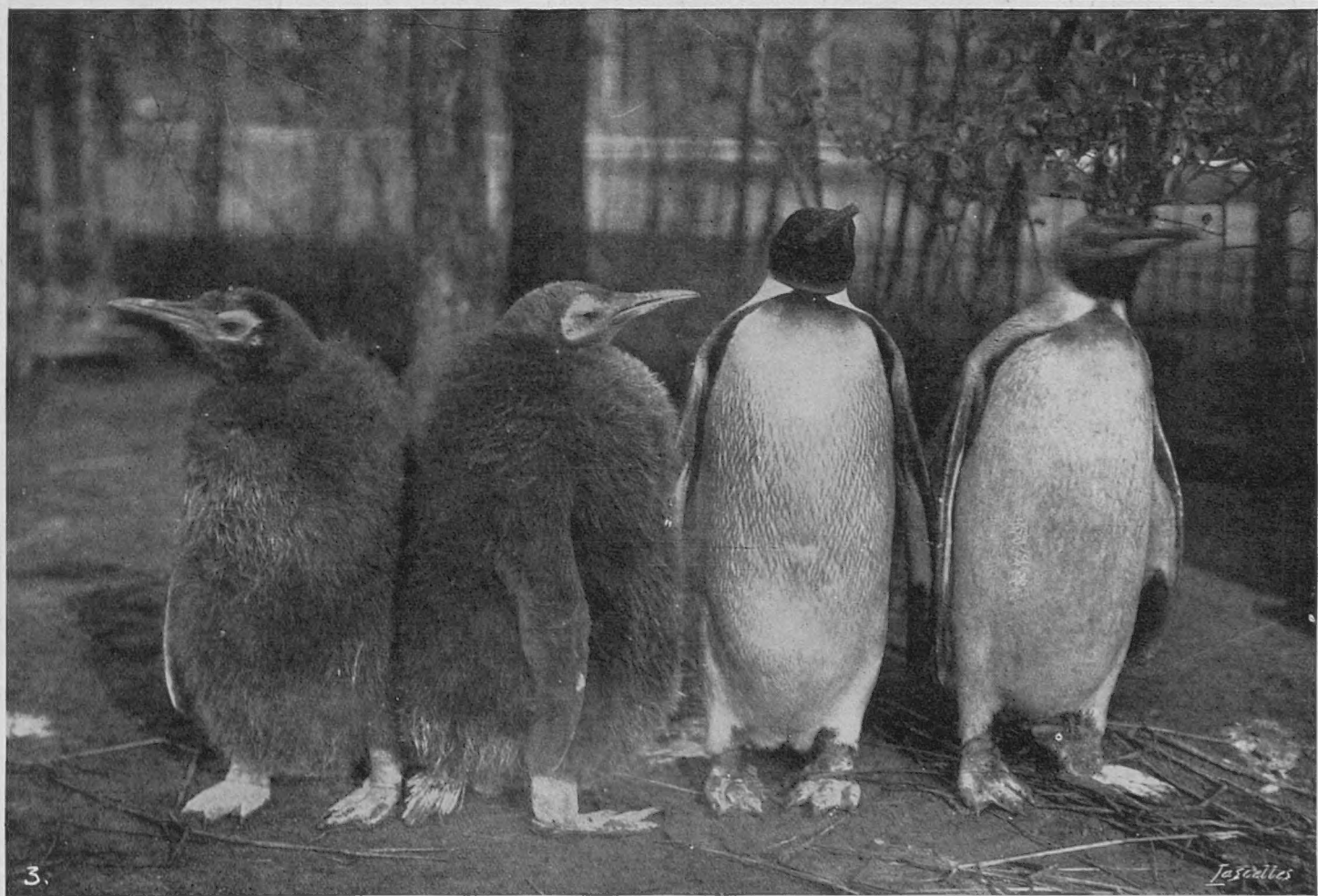
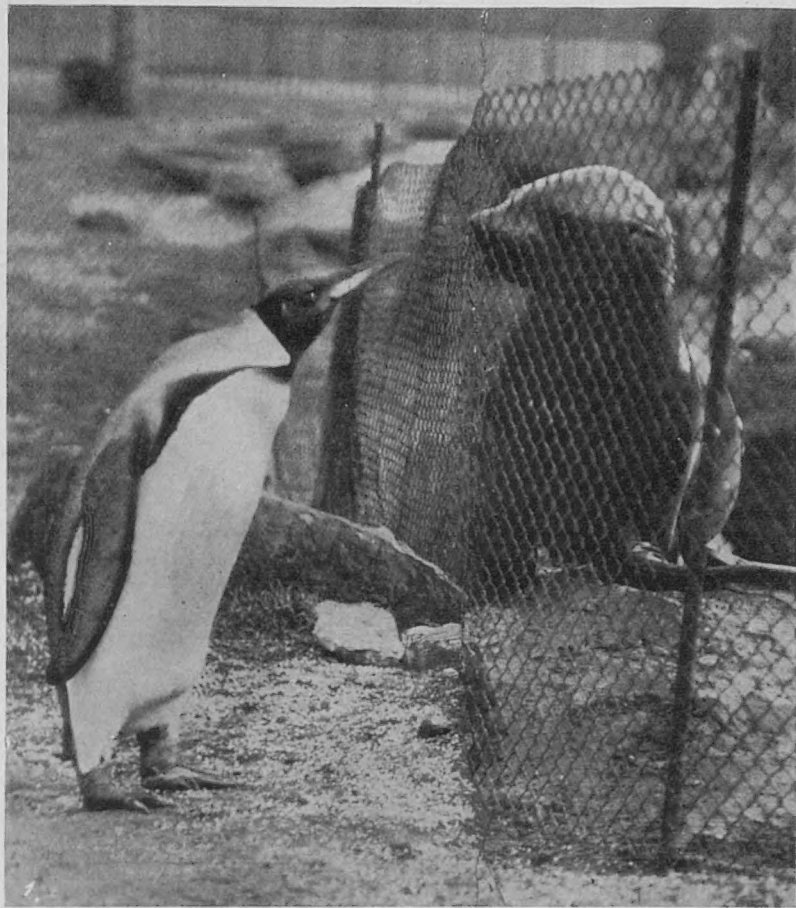
"I was sitting," he says, "in the stalls one night last week at the performance of 'Parsifal' in Covent Garden. The conditions under which I had to hear this great work were as follows: To my right, a gentleman at short intervals flashed an electric torch in a distracting manner; in front of me sat a lady with a huge brush-like feather ornament in her hair, almost entirely obscuring my view of the stage; behind me were two ladies who carried on a *sotto voce* conversation at crucial moments during the performance, and, at the last, fully thirty or forty people having outside seats on the central gangway got up, slammed their seats up, put on cloaks, and stampered down the centre of the Opera House in their desire to get away before the crowd."

It is all very dreadful, of course, very dreadful and very deplorable indeed, but "Indignant" has his remedy. If he really goes to the Opera for the music and the performance, he can always sit in the gallery, which is naturally filled with people who also want to hear the music. This rule applies in almost every place of amusement. In the pit of a theatre, for example, the women take off their hats as a matter of course, and they do not wear "huge brush-like feathers" in their hair.

You cannot have it both ways, "Indignant." You can have ease of body or contentment of soul, but you must not expect both in this world.



## HOME RULE FOR THE ISLE OF PENGUINS—ULSTERS AND ALL.



1. "SHOW ME THY CHINK TO BLINK THROUGH WITH MINE EYNE!" A SEA-LION AND A PENGUIN IN A "PYRAMUS AND THISBE" SCENE AT THE "ZOO," WITH A WALL, FULL OF "CHINKS."

Formerly the Cape penguins at the "Zoo" shared the quarters of the seals and sea-lions, but the other day one of the latter animals was found guilty of killing several of his feathered compatriots. The penguins have since been granted Home Rule—that is, they are now divided from the aggressors by a wire partition, which is as full of "chinks" as Thisbe's wall in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The penguins at the

2. A BREED NOT SHOWN AT CRUFT'S: A DOG-KENNEL WITH AN UNUSUAL INMATE.
3. THE YOUNGSTERS LIKE FUR-ULSTERED MOTORISTS: PENGUINS YOUNG AND OLD AT THE ROTTERDAM "ZOO."

Rotterdam "Zoo," shown in Photograph No. 3, are said to be of the tallest kind in existence. They are 30 inches in height. The feathers of the two young ones give them an absurd resemblance to two fat motorists clad in furry ulsters. These photographs may suggest some ideas to M. Anatole France for a new edition of his "L'Île des Pingouins."—[Photographs by Berridge, Illustrations Bureau, and Vreedenburgh.]



## WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—



THE BRITISH MUSEUM CAT—FOR IGNORING THE PLUMAGE AGITATION AND WISHING HE HAD THE BIRDS AS WELL.

The Scottish workmen employed in the building of the British Museum Extension have presented the Museum cat, "Monkey," with a collar of Scotch feathers.—The Rev. F. H. Gillingham, the popular cricketing parson, is to succeed the late Canon Lewis as Rector of Bermondsey. He has been for three years the Vicar of Bordesley, Birmingham. He plays for Essex.—It is reported from Budapest that



THE REV. F. H. GILLINGHAM—FOR HIS GOOD INNINGS AT BIRMINGHAM AND HIS FUTURE SCORE AT BERMONDSEY.



FRÄULEIN ILSE BULFORD—FOR BEING THE ONLY JOCKEY HERR VON NADASKAY COULD MARRY, AND MARRYING HIM.

Fräulein Ilse Bulford, said to be the only lady jockey on the Turf, has just been married to a well-known gentleman rider, Herr Franz von Nadaskay.—Willy Ferrero, who is only seven and a half, recently conducted the Imperial Russian Orchestra before the Tsar at St. Petersburg. Once he stopped them to insist on greater contrast between the loud and soft passages.



MASTER WILLY FERRERO—FOR CONDUCTING HIMSELF, AND THE IMPERIAL ORCHESTRA, SO WELL BEFORE THE TSAR.

Photographs by Record Press, Haines, C.N., and Illustrations Bureau.



MR. MARCONI—FOR HIS EFFORTS TO MAKE THE TELEPHONE A REALLY ETHEREAL INSTRUMENT.

Mr. Marconi said recently that the next step in "wireless" development is to push on with wireless telephony. He has already been able to communicate clearly and easily at a distance of one hundred miles.—Mr. Louis Meyer, the well-known theatrical manager, has two plays running in London at present—"Mr. Wu," at the Strand, and "Who's the Lady?" at the Garrick.—Mr. Walter Winans, the well-known American sportsman, recently went on a bear-



MR. LOUIS MEYER—FOR BEING AS INTERESTED IN WU THE MR. AS IN "WU'S THE LADY?"



MR. WALTER WINANS—FOR STARTING THE MONDAY-TO-SATURDAY BEAR-SHOOT IN RUSSIA HABIT.



MR. RICHARD JACK—FOR FINDING "A REHEARSAL WITH NIKISCH" LEADS TO A.R.A. WITH JACK.

shooting trip from England to Russia for the inside of a week. He left London on a Monday morning, reached Vologda, in North Russia, on the Thursday, shot some bears, left the same day, and arrived back in London on the Sunday night.—Mr. Reginald T. Blomfield, President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, has been elected an R.A.: Mr. Richard Jack, the painter, an A.R.A. His picture, "A Rehearsal with Nikisch," is in the Tate Gallery.



MR. REGINALD BLOMFIELD—FOR BEING A BIG GUN, THOUGH HIS R.A. DOESN'T MEAN "ROYAL ARTILLERY."

Photographs by Elliott and Fry, Langfrier, Sport and General, and Russell.



MISS CICELY COURTNEIDGE—FOR SHOWING SHE DOESN'T MEAN TO LEAD HER HUSBAND BY THE NOSE.

Miss Cicely Courtneidge, the Lady Betty of "The Pearl Girl," has become engaged in real life to her stage-lover in the piece, Mr. Jack Hulbert (also seen in our photograph).—Scottish curlers have won the International Bonspiel Cup at Kandersteg,



THE WINNERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL BONSPIEL CUP AT KANDERSTEG—FOR SHOWING THAT BONNIE SCOTLAND HAS NOT QUITE CURLED UP YET.

Switzerland, for the first time for five years. The names of the team (from left to right in the photograph) are Messrs. J. M. Matthews (the Skip), P. L. Ballingall, S. Ballingall, and H. D. Bell.—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd., and C.N.]



## WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—



KING ALFONSO—FOR BEING SAVED BY HIS MOUSTACHE FROM BEING TAKEN FOR ONE OF THE MILITANT SEX.

The popular King of Spain is a much-photographed monarch, and has faced the camera in many costumes and many attitudes. The above photograph, however, may be said to surpass all others of his Majesty in peculiarity. It was taken at a

shooting-party in the province of Seville, and, but for his moustache, it makes him look at first glance very like a woman. The garment which gives this effect is, of course, obviously not a skirt, but a waterproof shooting-apron.

*Photograph by C.N.*



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THE SALE OF ARMS BY EUROPEAN FIRMS TO SAVAGES: THE PRICE IN BRITISH LIVES.

**The Armed Savage.**

Many years ago, just before the Zulu War, I was chatting with Dunn, the hunter who was Cetewayo's adviser, and he told me that he had never sold a gun to a savage that was not infinitely more dangerous to the man who fired it than to anyone fired at. The untutored savage of the late 'seventies, when he did obtain a firearm, got one with a barrel that was as soft as a gas-pipe.



**The Pathan's Rifle.**

The armed savage of to-day is, however, a very different man from the Zulus who had so little faith in their firearms that they tried to get to close quarters with the stabbing-assegai as soon as possible, or to the fuzzy-wuzzies of the Soudan who, when they learned that the rain of British bullets formed a barrier through which they could not charge, disdained to fly, and sat around the Khalifa to be killed. European firms have poured serviceable arms and millions of rounds of ammunition into Asia and Africa, and our outposts in the Soudan and in the debatable territory on the North-West Frontier of India now meet savages armed with reliable rifles, which they use just as effectively as a British soldier can.

**Muscat.**

The new convention between England and France has formally closed one of the markets from which the tribes on the Afghan boundaries used to obtain their rifles. Certain French citizens claimed the

be too dangerous for the British to coerce except by an overpowering force, now finds that the hedgehog he has created can turn its spikes against him, and that the Border tribes are as unwilling to submit to chastisement from the Afghan ruler as they are from the Emperor of India; and the Ameer is likely to give his moral support to the British in the matter of the suppression of the arms trade.

**Jibuti.**

But if the port-hole on the Arabian coast through which arms filtered has been closed, there still remains open on the African coast the French port of Jibuti, which is believed to be the postern gate by which thousands of rifles are passed into Africa, and are found in the hands of the savages from Wadai to the Congo, from Victoria Nyanza to the Cameroons. Abyssinia is another filter through which the rifles strain into Africa, and the Japanese sold to Abyssinian purchasers sixty thousand of the Russian rifles captured at Port Arthur, and millions of Russian cartridges. Belgium, Japan, and some British firms as well, have reaped a harvest by this trade in arms; but the price that Britain pays for it is the death of officer after officer in frontier skirmishes along the outpost lines of civilisation all the world over.

**Spring in Khartoum.**

Last year men who spent the winter in Egypt told me that the weather there, even a good way down the Nile, was so cold that they never unpacked the summer clothes they had brought out with them, and wore their thicker garments all the winter through. This year the mild weather that came to us with February seems in an exaggerated form to have also visited the Nile. I hear from Khartoum that the days there have been so hot that the visitors have been disinclined to take any exercise, and have lived very much the life that the residents do during the hot weather, some of them having slept at nights on the flat roof of the hotel, so as to be cooled by any little

FORMERLY H.R.H. PRINCE AAGE OF DENMARK AND THE COUNTESS CALVI DI BERGOLO: HIS HIGHNESS PRINCE AAGE, COUNT OF RODENBERG; AND PRINCESS AAGE, COUNTESS OF RODENBERG.

The wedding of Prince Aage of Denmark and the Italian Countess Calvi di Bergolo took place in Turin in January. Prince Aage is twenty-seven, the eldest son of Prince Waldemar, brother of Queen Alexandra. The bride is the daughter of a former Italian Minister at Copenhagen. The marriage being morganatic, Prince Aage has renounced the title of Royal Highness and Prince of Denmark for himself and his descendants. He is now styled Highness, and the King of Denmark has given him the title, Count of Rodenberg. His wife will be known as Countess of Rodenberg and as Princess Aage.—[Photograph by Trampus.]

right to trade in arms at Muscat, on the Gulf of Oman, at the entrance to the Persian Gulf; and France, jealous of all her colonial rights, supported for a time their claims, though the Sultan of Oman, the ruler of the country, wished to put down a traffic which was sure, sooner or later, to get him into trouble with his powerful neighbours. The late Sultan, two years ago, really scotched the trade, though he could not absolutely kill it, by establishing a bonded warehouse, and insisting that all imported firearms should be stored in it and sold only under Government license to accredited purchasers. The new agreement really kills a thing already dead, for the Sultan's action prevented the sale of arms to the gun-runners of the Persian Gulf.

**Gun-Running.**

Many valuable British lives have been lost in the desperate fight the gun-runners of the Gulf and the caravans of the Frontier have made to carry on the traffic in arms against all the forces the British Government can bring against them. When an armed dhow has found a patrolling boat from a war-ship at its mercy no lives have been spared, and the boat has been sunk in deep water; and when a body of our Indian cavalry has swooped down on a Pathan caravan taking back to the Frontier the rifles purchased at a market on the beach, the hillmen have always fought desperately to drive off the attackers, and sometimes have succeeded in doing so.

**The Ameer's Hedgehog.**

The North-West tribes are now fully armed, and for a while, no doubt, gun-running will cease. The Ameer, who at first was very pleased that the buffer tribes between his kingdom and India should

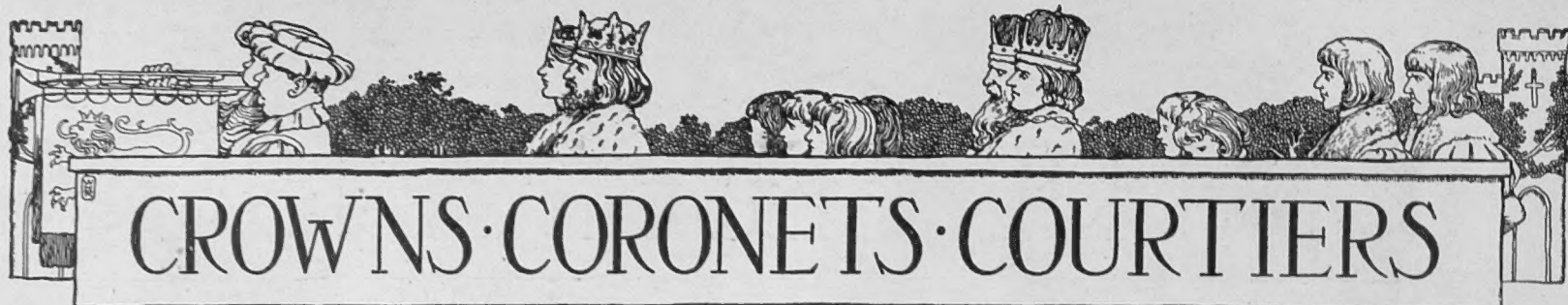


MR. THOMAS HARDY MARRIES HIS SECRETARY FOR THE SECOND TIME: MRS. THOMAS HARDY (FORMERLY MISS FLORENCE EMILY DUGDALE).

Last week Mr. Thomas Hardy, O.M., the famous novelist, was married quietly to his secretary, Miss Florence Emily Dugdale, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dugdale, of River Front, St. Andrew's Road, Enfield. Mr. Thomas Hardy's first wife, who died rather over a year ago, had also acted as his amanuensis. The bride has herself made some reputation as a writer; was on the "Standard" for a time; and, later, wrote books upon Child Life. She was an intimate friend of the late Mrs. Hardy, and was Mr. Hardy's secretary for the last ten years. She is thirty-three. Mr. Thomas Hardy will be seventy-four in June.—[Photograph by R. Gardner.]

wandering breeze that might come up from the desert or the Nile. At Assouan solar topis and sunshades have been necessities in the daytime, and the Arabs must begin to doubt the proverb which they invented that "When the English came to Egypt they brought the cold and the rain with them."





# CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE King, in becoming patron of the Garrick Club, follows—in spirit at any rate—in the footsteps of Edward VII. But it is improbable that his Majesty will ever make himself as well acquainted with the region of Garrick Street as did his father. With the deflection of the Lyceum from the narrower paths of high art and the establishment of great theatrical interests further West, the district lost a little of its hold upon the affections, or curiosity, of the average lover of the drama. The Press-gang, too, has crept westwards from Fleet Street, so that they, along with the still more numerous publishers, have made the locality more or less their own. A member of the Garrick must now often go out of his way to get

to the arm-chair that was once the centre of his universe.

## Maiden Lane Memories.

It is doubtful if the King has ever walked down Garrick Street, along Bedford Street, and so into the Maiden Lane that was familiar to the late King in his princely days. If his Majesty ever desired to forget, for one

## The "Wry-Necked" Head.

Mr. Lyttelton, Head Master of Eton, spoke the other day in a packed drawing-room in Eccleston Square. His habit of banishing reporters and his preference for small audiences militates against his oratorical fame, but an admirable combination of dignity and simplicity makes him one of the most notable speech-makers of his day. After dismissing the reporters the other day, he explained that his address was intended merely for the people gathered to hear him, and that only as a special penance did he seek the full publicity of the Press. What such publicity means he knows from the vastness of his letter-bag since he entered on a controversy in the *Times* as to modern fiction. The letters he gets are of all sorts—in one, by the way, he is told that he is "a wry-necked cleric." That letter came from over-seas: nobody who had ever been near Eton, or seen the Head, could have lighted on such a phras.



RANDOLPH, SON OF WINSTON: MASTER CHURCHILL.

Mr. Winston Churchill married Miss Clementine Hozier in 1908. He has a son, Randolph Frederick Edward, born in 1911; and a daughter, Diana, born in 1909.

Photograph by Dorothy Hickling.

## At Bordighera.

Few people know more about the Riviera than the Duke and Duchess of Leeds, and their villa at Bordighera is a place of rare attractiveness. Called *Selva Dolci*, or the Fragrant Wood, it has passed for the time being into the hands of the Countess of Lytton and her children. At Bordighera more than at most places on that coast do you get on friendly terms with the sea. It is a low-lying town, and the rocks run straight out of the high road into the water—or seem to do so to the light-heeled and light-hearted young people who can skip across the few intervening yards that just spoil the romance of having the Mediterranean at your sweet-shop or toy-shop door. Present weather at Bordighera is so wonderfully warm that it is thought in the Lytton household that the rocks will not long hold the monopoly of running into the sea.

## The Season.

While there is abundant talk of the gaieties of the coming season, with the promise or probability of dances at Lansdowne House and Cadogan House, allied with still more exciting rumours of a Prince's determination to dance all the spring, the grim facts of Society are of a different order. With the issue of portentous whips, the strayed revellers of both parties have been brought back to earth, and to the Party luncheon-table. Ministerial and Opposition feasts, the gravest of social functions, were held with all solemnity and very little use, though, it is noticed, in rather fewer cases than of old. Some members of the Cabinet are doing very little entertaining of the sort, for it is never on such occasions that matters of policy and discipline are furthered. A private wink, or wiggling, does as much to keep members in line as three hours of laborious comradeship, which is hardly more than a sort of "prep." for late sittings, round a leader's table.



WIFE OF THE NEWLY APPOINTED GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF AUSTRALIA: LADY HELEN MUNRO-FERGUSON.

The wedding of Mr. Ronald Munro-Ferguson, who is to be Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia in succession to Lord Denman, and Lady Helen Blackwood, daughter of the late Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, took place in 1889.

Photograph by Barnett.



MISS OLIVE DAVIDSON AND MR. V. DAWSON, WHOSE MARRIAGE WAS FIXED FOR YESTERDAY, THE 17TH.

Miss Olive Davidson is the daughter of Mr. H. O. D. Davidson, of Tillychety, Aberdeenshire, and Tarland, Nairn, and formerly of Harrow School. Mr. Dawson is the younger son of Captain W. H. Dawson, late of the Inniskilling Dragoons, of Tunbridge Wells.

Photographs by Langfier.

luncheon-hour, that his soup is almost an affair of State, and his chop nearly a bone of contention in a vast and punctilious household, he would hardly know his way to the first-floor corner table, royally patronised of old, in that narrow and unceremonious thoroughfare. That it is impossible to conceive his Majesty seeking that place of refreshment is one proof of the change that has come over the whole region; but, whatever happens to its precincts, the Garrick Club itself remains unaltered. To see Sir John Hare and Sir Squire Bancroft and Mr. Comyns Carr drive up to its doors is to see men doing the thing they have done and looking the way they have looked for a quarter of a century. And they seem especially careful to preserve the semblance of antiquity. At no door in London does the old four-wheeler and the hansom so often pull up. Even Mr. Harry Furniss, who is always in a hurry, instinctively climbs into a growler instead of a taxi when the Garrick is his goal.



DAUGHTER-IN-LAW AND GRAND-CHILDREN OF MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN: MRS. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN WITH MASTER JOSEPH AND MISS CHAMBERLAIN. Mr. Austen Chamberlain married Miss Ivy Muriel Dundas in 1906, and has one son and one daughter.—[Photograph by Speaight.]



## AS IT IS IN EDINBURGH: SCOTTISH SOCIETY IN FANCY-DRESS.



1. MRS. J. F. FRASER-TYLER OF WOODHOUSELEE AS A FRENCH LADY OF 1830.
2. MISS COLQUHOUN OF LUSS AS A LADY OF THE CHARLES I. PERIOD.
3. MISS PERREAU AS A GOOSE-GIRL.
4. MR. E. T. SALVESEN AS A RAJAH; MISS SALVESEN AS A FAIRY-TALE PRINCESS; AND MISS D. SALVESEN AS A MARGUERITE—SON AND DAUGHTERS OF THE HON. LORD SALVESEN.
5. THE HON. MRS. ADAM WATSON, DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF THE LATE LORD WATSON, AS GAINSBOROUGH'S "HON. MRS. GRAHAM."

6. MR. TARBOLTON AS A BURGOMASTER; MISS OUTRAM AS CLEOPATRA; MISS W. OUTRAM AS A MODERN PIERRETTE; AND MAJOR OUTRAM AS A POLICEMAN.
7. LADY REDFORD, WIFE OF SIR EDWARD REDFORD, EX-SECRETARY TO THE SCOTTISH GENERAL POST OFFICE, AS MME. DE MAINTENON.
8. MISS DULCIE REDFORD, DAUGHTER OF SIR EDWARD REDFORD, IN DIRECTOIRE DRESS.
9. LORD STRATHCLYDE (FORMERLY MR. URE), LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COURT OF SESSION IN EDINBURGH, IN LOUIS XV. COSTUME.

Our photographs were taken on the occasion of the St. Andrew's Boat-Club Fancy-Dress-Ball, held the other day at Edinburgh with very considerable success. Lord Salvesen is a Scottish Lord of Session. The late Lord Watson was a Life Peer, and the peerage is now extinct.—[Photographs by Lafayette, Glasgow.]





MONOCLE, FOR ONCE, REFRAINS FROM "FLIPPING": BARKERISED SHAKESPEARE AT THE SAVOY

A Midsummer Night's Revue.

The other day I discovered, to my immense surprise, that these articles have a reader: I don't mean the person employed to correct my grammar, spelling, and quotations, or the editor who has to go through them to see that there are no libels, but a person who, without fee or reward, actually reads "The Stage from the Stalls." Fancy that! I discovered it because he wrote to say that I have a tendency to be flippant. I confess the charge, and so am going to be quite serious in handling my subject this week: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." After all, it would not do to "flip" concerning Shakespeare. One may be frivolous about the revues, to which no one can apply serious canons of criticism derived from Aristotle or Lessing or the other great guns. Incidentally, I may observe that Shakespeare took little heed of the Greek critic. Yet I have seen performances of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" that were very much like revues. One had Theseus and Hippolyta as *Compère* and *Commère*, and the quartet of lovers as the connecting bit of plot, with the Athenian mechanics, Bottom and his mates, for the low-comedy merchants, and the Fairies to supply songs and dances and ballets. None of this element is in the revival at the Savoy. A good many people have said—and I humbly agree—that for the first time it seemed to them that the work is an actable play, quite interesting and attractive as a piece of fanciful drama.

The Lovers and the Low-Comedians.

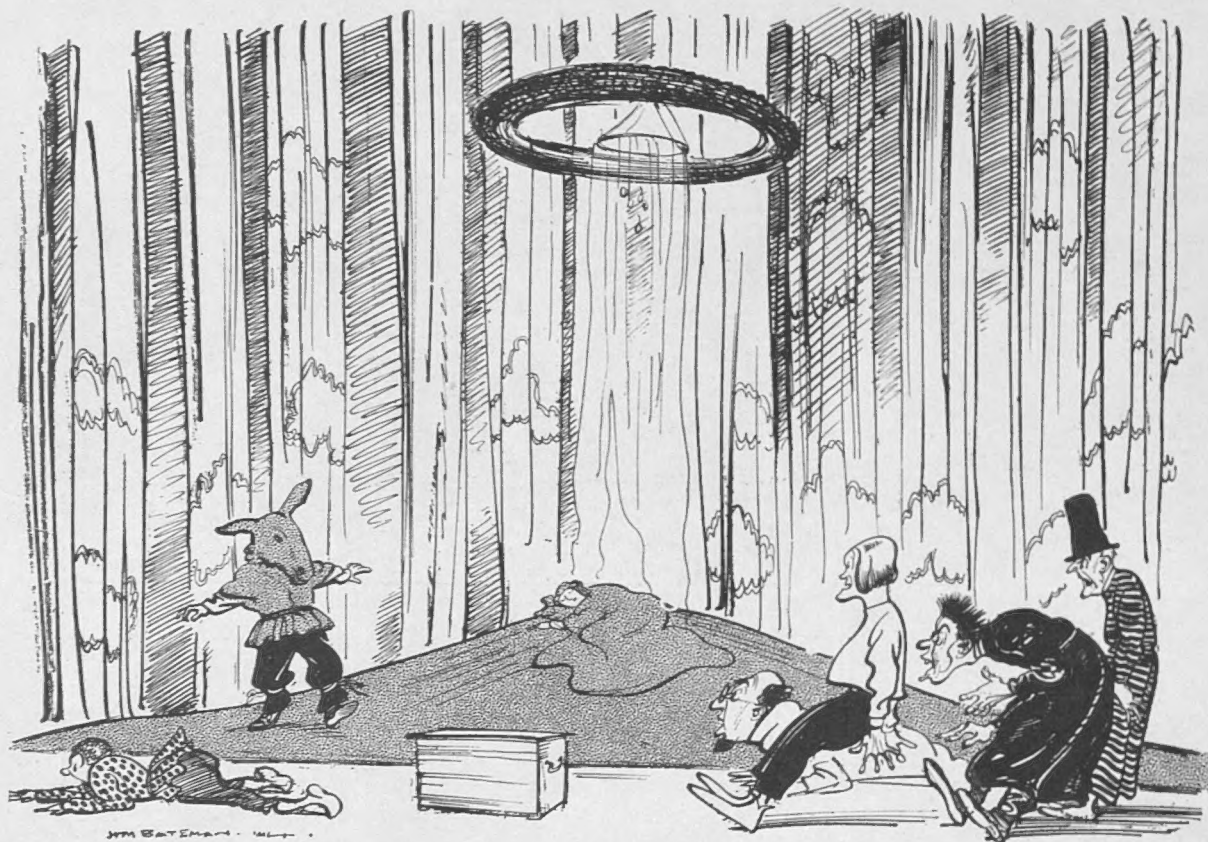
As a rule, the two pairs of lovers are rather tiresome: to quote a famous phrase from the "Faerie Queen," it is difficult to tell "who's which." At the Savoy the whole affair is quite clear; the tangled love-story, told in exquisitely melodious verse, is easily followed, and one becomes excited by the sorrows of Helena and woes of Hermia, and quite delighted when Theseus suppresses the crusty old Egeus and makes the sweethearts happy. And the players speak the lovely verse charmingly—indeed, it is one of the joys of the revival that, although there are occasional false quantities, and a few slips of tongue, and one or two of the cast have no great sense of rhythm, the performance as a whole does justice in an unusual degree to the author's poetry. Helen is played charmingly by Miss McCarthy, though a blonde make-up does not suit her. Hermia is acted with much spirit by Miss Laura Cowie—so much, indeed, that I suspect that when Lysander came home late from the club she had several things to say to him which he could not ignore. And he is presented admirably by Mr. Ion Swinley. The Athenian mechanics are handled in a somewhat unusual way. Mr. Granville Barker has the idea that their rehearsal and absurd

performance of "Pyramus" is funnier if they are not mere drolls, but respectable working men, comic merely because, like many amateur players, they attempt a task utterly beyond their reach. There is no make-up that can be regarded as very funny in itself, apart from their costumes in the tragedy, and the result is that they are entertaining in a new way—relatively, and not absolutely. I am not sure that this is Shakespeare's way, but that hardly matters. One may praise heartily Messrs. Nigel Playfair, Arthur Whitby, L. Quartermaine, S. Rodney, and H. O. Nicholson for the able and amusing manner in which they carry out their task.

The Fairies.

Do you believe in fairies? I do—indeed, when I am in the country, particularly when fishing, from time to time I feel certain that I am going to see one; and my little dog—alas! I shall never have another—certainly did

see some. How I used to envy the keen vision that beheld things hidden from my grosser eyes, just as I envied the fine sense of smell and of hearing that enabled him to identify and commune with things unrevealed to me. The ordinary stage fairies do not appeal to me; as a rule, their wings are ridiculous, obviously useless. Fairies really flutter like bats, do not fly like birds; and their aero-motions are based on membranous structures from the arms, and bear a resemblance to the flying apparatus of the creatures in that jolly book, "Peter Wilkins." Now



BULLY BOTTOM IS TRANSLATED! MR. NEVILLE GARTSIDE AS SNUG, MR. NIGEL PLAYFAIR AS BOTTOM, MISS CHRISTINE SILVER AS TITANIA, MR. ARTHUR WHITBY AS QUINCE, MR. LEON QUARTERMAINE AS FLUTE, MR. STRATTON RODNEY AS SNOOT, AND MR. H. O. NICHOLSON AS STARVELING.

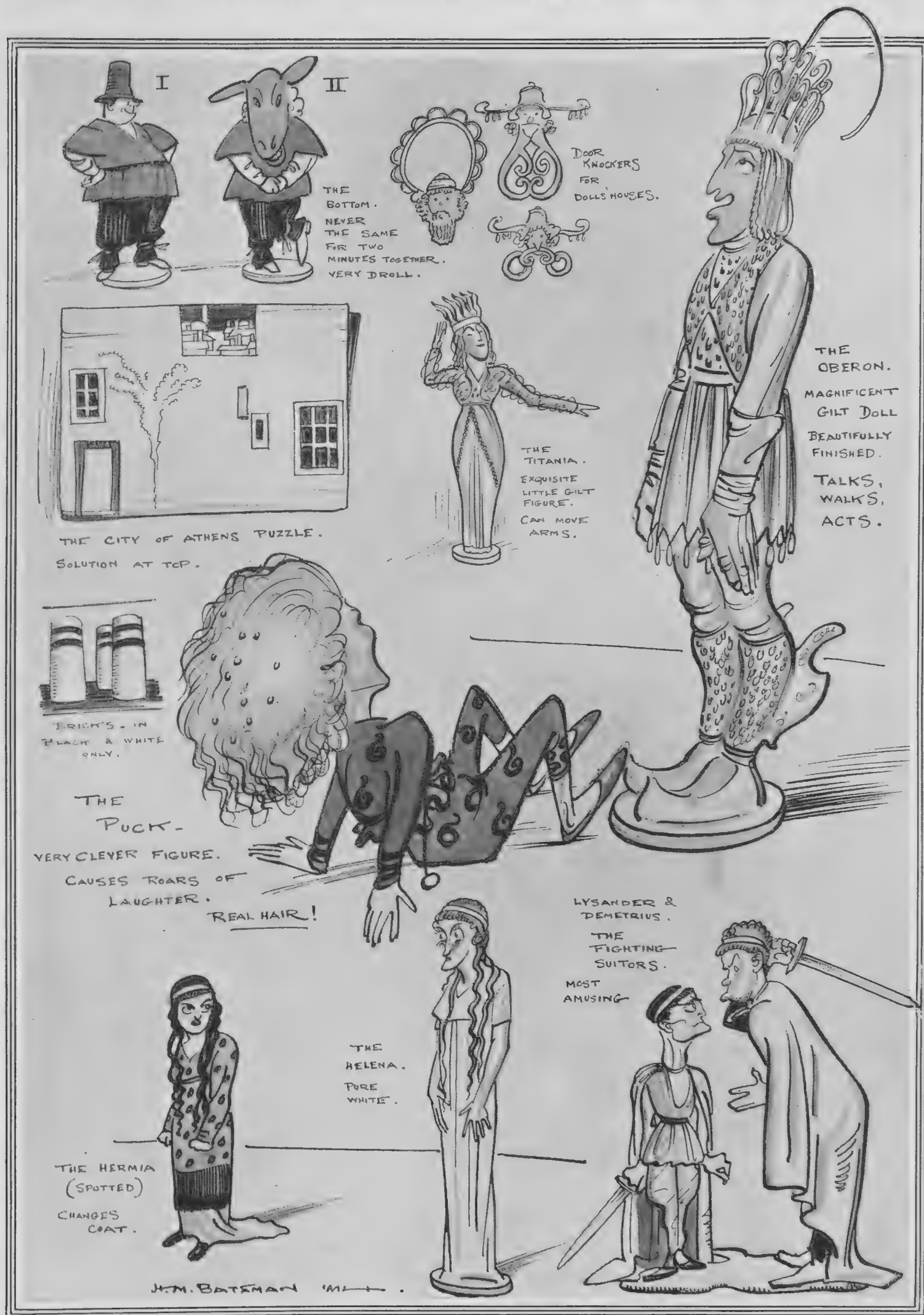
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

the Savoy fairies, the gilded creatures, are not my fairies—perhaps are not your fairies; but they *are* fairies, and one can believe that these strange creatures are invisible to the foolish mortals, so they give the needful uncanny atmosphere to the piece. Moreover, they contribute to the production of rich, lovely stage pictures quite indescribable by the flippant journalist. Mr. Neilson-Terry speaks his lines as Oberon admirably, and Miss Christine Silver is a charmingly pathetic Titania. People ask why Puck is quite different. Well, I guess that his letter-box-toned costume is to give a thrilling note of colour in the woodland scenes; and, of course, he is not one of the cosmopolitan fairies of the piece, but a Warwickshire hobgoblin—a mischievous, but not quite malevolent, little devil, full of fun; and Mr. Donald Calthrop, if sometimes a little too quick in speech, is wonderfully quaint, impish, non-human—in fact, Puckish. I had forgotten to give a word of praise to Mr. Baliol Holloway, who delivers the verses of Theseus very well. There is no room for a nice mixed medley of language about the curious, real beauty of scenery and costumes; I must, however, find space to say that some of the music of Mr. Cecil Sharp is quite delightful.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



## BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: BARKER'S BOX OF TOYS.



EVERY UP-TO-DATE NURSERY SHOULD HAVE ONE: A SET OF "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" FIGURES, NEARLY ALL GILT AND NO GINGERBREAD.

In illustrating Mr. Granville Barker's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," such pieces as "La Poupée" or "The Toy-Maker of Nuremberg." We present his at the Savoy, our Artist has evidently got mixed in his mind between that play and ideas, for what they may be worth, to the toy-makers of London.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



## SIR SYDNEY BUXTON.

LORD GLADSTONE is succeeded in South Africa by one of the "G.O.M.'s" "young men." The outgoing Governor-General and Sir Sydney Buxton both learned their politics under Gladstone's eagle-like scrutiny; they both filled a place in his searching bird's-eye view of the rising generation, and were both very conscious of doing so. But if they passed through the same course of discipline, and end with the same appointment, it does not follow that they have arrived at the same results in any of the habits of mind or methods of work that constitute the real man. South Africa, if it is at all observant, will note points of contrast rather than points of similarity between the two chiefs sent out by Mr. Asquith.

## The Two Office-Boys.

Sir Sydney Buxton is one year older than Lord Gladstone; and though he was not, like the other, born in Downing Street, nor nurtured among blue books, his office hours have generally been longer and his holidays shorter than those of his predecessor. No man has been so exasperatingly strict about his own time-table; he has exceeded, on his own account, all the mental drilling that fell to the share of the "Grand Old Man's" offspring. It is told of the Viscount's childish days that, when he had toothache and was crying, all that Mr. Gladstone said to him, very genially, was "Think no more about it, and you may go and have it out to-morrow"—advice that out-Spartaed Sparta.

## His Forebears.

Sir Sydney Buxton's father showed more practical sympathy for the pains of his fellows, whether they were sons or slaves. It was he who raised his voice for clemency after the Mutiny and the Jamaica Riots, thus carrying on a tradition established by Sir Sydney's grandfather, Sir T. F. Buxton, who followed Wilberforce as leader of the Anti-Slavery Party, and forced the Government into action eighty years ago. The sequel has conformed to the usual rule of divergence. The youth who was told not to think about his toothaches and was chaffed under the name of "Tuppence" at Eton, has grown to be a man of a far more lenient and indulgent character than the youth who was reared in an atmosphere of kindest sentiment.

## The Minute Hand.

Sympathy and consideration have helped Sir Sydney Buxton to play a successful part on conciliation committees and in the settlement of the many disputes that have come into his official purview; it is owing to these same qualities that his book on "Fair Wages" is a classic. But he is a man who follows a rigorous routine, and expects his subordinates to do likewise. He has

never held a position in that vast establishment the Dilatory Office, which fills the imagination of a public suspicious of all Government Departments—a Dilatory Office which is also a Castle of Indolence in the air somewhere above Westminster. As Postmaster-General he was often heard to rap on his desk as if it

were a front-door, and not always with the cheerful rat-tat that the postman is accustomed to extract from our knockers. Another legend at the General Post Office is that Mr. Buxton had a habit of setting the great and venerable time-pieces of St. Martin's-le-Grand according to his own half-hunter, and that he was never proved to be in the wrong, even by one second.

Although Author, Sir Sydney Angler, is fond of and M.P. writing himself down as "author" when he is asked for his profession, and is justified in doing so by a goodly shelf-full of books, it is as a Parliamentary official of more than a quarter

of a century's experience that he goes to South Africa. His "Political Questions" and "Political Manual"—works found highly useful to debating societies—have passed through eleven editions and five editions respectively; and his essays on fishing-tackle are considered by some people to exceed in usefulness his treatise on the Fiscal Question. Angling and an occasional day with the gun have been his chief recreations; but, while they have been followed with ardour and a natural talent, they have not sufficed to clear his brain of the working habit. Twenty-nine years of Poplar are not easily wiped out.

## The Future.

Without condemning Sir Sydney to an eternity of Poplar, it must be admitted that it is impossible to regard him as anything but the carefully wrought product of his own constituency. By lineage and the training of a lifetime, he is typical of the House and his country. With nothing of Celtic or Latin picturesqueness in his composition, he leaves it to Mr. Masterman (according to the rather wicked report) to be moved to tears at one of Mr. Lloyd George's speeches; and he is himself the last man in the world to make his hearers weep. All swash-buckling arts he leaves to the new and younger school of politicians; he is schooled in the grey methods of a grey Division. What does South Africa, a place of colour and tumult, hold in store? He who called it "the grave of English reputations" is probably long since dead, with a tombstone of his own, and his words may lose their living significance at the approach of a man of constructive ability. That Sir Sydney Buxton, supported by the peerage which rumour has often bestowed, but which now is certainly his, will be well received in South Africa is more than likely; the manner of his reception is of absolutely no importance. The thing of importance is Sir Sydney's position twelve months after his arrival in Cape Town. That he has tenacity, and works with calculation and foresight, gives hope for the future.



LADY BUXTON.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



THE RIGHT HON. SIR SYDNEY CHARLES BUXTON.

Sir Sydney Buxton, who is to succeed Lord Gladstone as Governor-General of South Africa, and is likely to be raised to the Peerage before he takes up his new appointment, has been Postmaster-General and President of the Board of Trade. He first became M.P. for Poplar in 1886. He was born in October 1853, son of Mr. Charles Buxton, M.P., and Emily, daughter of Sir Henry Holland, Bt. In 1882, he married Constance (died 1892), daughter of the first Lord Avebury; in 1896 he married Mildred, daughter of the late Mr. Hugh Colin Smith. He has one son and three daughters. In addition to those already mentioned, he has held the position of Under-Secretary for the Colonies. He introduced penny postage to the United States and the Canadian magazine post. On the 14th it was announced that he had been made a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

Photograph by Lafayette.



## IN THE PARK AND AT A MEET: SOCIETY IN TWO PHASES.



IN HYDE PARK: LORD SAVILE  
WITH A FRIEND.



IN HYDE PARK: LADY ROSEMARY PORTAL,  
DAUGHTER OF THE SECOND EARL CAIRNS.



IN HYDE PARK: THE EARL AND COUNTESS  
OF LONGFORD.

Lord Savile, the second Baron, was born in September 1854, and was in the Diplomatic service and at the Foreign Office for some years. He retired in 1889.—Lady Rosemary Portal married Mr. Wyndham Raymond Portal, elder son of Sir William Wyndham Portal, Bt., in 1909.—Lord Longford, who was born in October 1864, was formerly

Lieutenant-Colonel commanding and Brevet-Colonel of the 2nd Life Guards. He served in South Africa with the Imperial Yeomanry and his regiment. He is Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum for Co. Longford. In 1899, he married Lady Mary Julia Child Villiers, daughter of the seventh Earl of Jersey.

*Photographs by Topical.*



A VERY INTERESTING GROUP: WELL-KNOWN FOLLOWERS OF THE MEYNELL, AT RADBOURNE HALL.

In the bottom row (from left to right) are the Hon. Norah Cavendish, daughter of Lord Waterpark; Miss M. Wilmot Sitwell; Mr. Guy Gisborne; Mr. J. O. Sherrard; Captain Webber; Miss D. Maynard; Miss Winifred Maynard; Miss L. Wilson; and

Mr. A. Jacobson. In the second row are Mrs. G. Strutt; Mrs. E. Wright; Major Gisborne (in front of Captain Price); Mr. Price Abel; and Colonel Irvine. Amongst those behind are Mrs. Knowles; Mrs. Winterbottom; and Miss Scott Robson.

*Photograph by Howard Barrett.*

## FINE FROCKS OF A POOR PARSON'S THIRTEENTH DAUGHTER!



1. MISS EVELYN D'ALROY AS HYACINTH WOODWARD IN HER WORKING-DRESS.

2. MISS EVELYN D'ALROY AS HYACINTH WOODWARD IN HER DRESS FOR THE GARDEN SCENE.

3. MISS EVELYN D'ALROY AS HYACINTH WOODWARD IN HER "LEAVING" DRESS.

4. MRS. PARBURY CATCHES HER HUSBAND'S SECRETARY, HYACINTH WOODWARD, AS SHE IS KISSING THE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE "POOR DEAR" PARBURY: MISS EVELYN D'ALROY AS HYACINTH WOODWARD AND MISS ETHEL IRVING AS MRS. PARBURY—AT THE COMEDY.

Mr. C. Haddon Chambers' famous comedy, "The Tyranny of Tears," has been revived at the Comedy Theatre with much well-deserved success. In fact, the only sort of criticism with which the production seems to have been met is the small one that

the secretary, Hyacinth Woodward, thirteenth daughter of a poor clergyman, wears remarkably fine dresses considering her status! The play, it will be recalled, deals with the rebellion of Mr. Parbury against the tyranny of his wife's chief weapon,

[Continued opposite.]

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.



## REVOLT AGAINST THE TYRANNY OF TEARS: A REVIVAL.



1. AS IS HER CUSTOM, MRS. PARBURY SEEKS TO WIN HER WAY BY CALLING TEARS TO HER AID: MR. ROBERT LORAINE AS MR. PARBURY AND MISS ETHEL IRVING AS MRS. PARBURY—AT THE COMEDY.
2. AFTER MR. PARBURY HAS REBELLED AGAINST THE TYRANNY OF TEARS AND MRS. PARBURY HAS GONE HOME TO HER FATHER—THE CHAMPAGNE BREAKFAST: MR. FREDERICK KERR AS GEORGE GUNNING, MR. ALFRED BISHOP AS COLONEL ARMITAGE, MR. ROBERT LORAINE AS PARBURY, AND MR. ERIC COWLEY AS EVANS—AT THE COMEDY.

*Continued.*

tears; and with the complications which ensue when Mrs. Parbury finds Hyacinth | invaluable secretary, who, as a matter of fact, becomes engaged, in the end, to Woodward kissing Mr. Parbury's portrait, and Mr. Parbury refuses to dismiss his | George Gunning, while Mrs. Parbury repents her "melting" moments.

*Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.*



# BETWEEN STATIONS

By GRANT RICHARDS.

(Author of "Caviare" and "Valentine.")

THERE are to its old friends certain incontestable facts about the French Riviera to-day. There are greater crowds in its towns but there are fewer people; there are more restaurants but there is inferior cooking; there are more bands but there is (I believe) less music; there are more fêtes but there is less gaiety. Put it all down to the march of time or to the fact that the Germans have now learned to travel; have indeed conceived a perfect and very inconvenient passion for moving about the world; or put it down to the broader truth that everything, even Monte Carlo, is being democratised. Anyhow, nor German nor the most *triste* English tourist can take the sun from the heaven, or lessen the glory of the stone-pines, or subtract one whit from the beauty of the flower-banked terraces. "Smart" in the sense that it was smart in the height of the Kaffir Boom the Riviera certainly is not, but yet it remains the place within twenty-four hours of London which is amusing and warm, where the sky is blue and where one can be taken out of oneself and forget, if only for a day, that hard duty exists. Two mornings after one's arrival one's post comes from England, of course, and then . . . "Old Mole was forced to admit that it is possible to fall short of a philosophic conception of happiness and yet to have a very amusing time."

My friend the *maitre d'hôtel*, who works this year in Monte Carlo for the first time, tells me that never was he so disappointed in his life as he has been since he came a month ago to the South expecting to find the luxury, the taste, the high *gourmandise* of Paris far surpassed, to find a body of devoted *chefs* and waiters serving priest-like the every want of the fine gourmet. (At least that is what he meant, although it isn't exactly what he said.) And he did find everything done in a rather careless and summary and ostentatious fashion—"pas soigné." "In Paris a *maitre d'hôtel* can go down to the *chef* and get some special care for a client who understands food—but here: it's useless; the *chef* wouldn't care"; and he made a mouth of protest. "It's pretty well done, but—and especially when one considers the prices that are charged—it isn't well done enough."

The prices that are charged! Indeed they mount from year to year. And even when one has paid them one is only at the beginning. I observe that one of the waiters at the Café Royal of all places in the world has been writing to the *Pall Mall Gazette* to protest against the tipping system. Let him come

down here with his ideas; let him organise a campaign. One tips, and one is expected to tip, from the rising of the sun to its going down "and then some." The cloak-room attendant who, however much you would prefer to keep them, takes your straw hat and your stick will think ill of you if you don't give him at least a franc; the waiter who attends to you will expect, and will often deserve, about twice as much as you'd give him anywhere else than in New York; the *sommelier* anxiously awaits your verdict on his wine, a verdict which you are to back up with some silver coin; the blue-gowned Turk who makes your coffee—he must be on the road to great wealth; the leader of the orchestra fiddles over a table on which is arranged a plate covered with a folded napkin from which coyly peeps a ten franc-piece or a piece of a hundred sous—you hardly like to give less unless you have the excellent courage to give nothing at all since music with your food is an abomination anyway; the boy who flings wide the door and says "Bon soir, Monsieur Madame" as you pass, he has his hopes. Perhaps it is a musician, some swarthy gipsy from Hungary, who is the most exigent, the most successful. You have a lady with you, and ceasing to talk your eye roves round the restaurant and fixes itself in mild speculation on the source of all the restless, distracting noise. Immediately the violinist is alert to turn the occasion to advantage. He walks playing to your table and plays only for your companion, who perchance cares no more for music with her food than you do yourself. Perhaps, he asks a moment later, Madame would choose some *morceau* that he may have the pleasure of playing for her. Mechanically, not to be unappreciative, she answers "Les Contes d'Hoffmann." That means a piece of gold in his hand. Oh yes, money easily come by easily goes; but I wonder how much of common-sense they think, all these predatory foreigners, that the visitor has. Not very much, I fancy.

There remains however the fact that the sun shines and that everyone looks interested and happy, and that for a few days in the year it is well to be lapped round with an atmosphere of content, of welcome, of well-being. Perhaps when the morning comes the sun will be behind a black bank of cloud, the hills mist-crowned, the air cold. Tomorrow you may feel years older. Your thoughts may go roaming to England and to your own hearth, your own servants, your own friends.



FOOT-MUFFS! "CALF-WARMERS" FOR LADIES IN USE.

The foot-muff has come into being as a sequel to the very thin stocking.

Photograph by Photothek.



*"O Moments Big as Years!"*



No. I.—WHEN WE DROP OUR CHANGE AT THE BOOKING-OFFICE.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

## FIVE O'CLOCK

## FRIVOLITIES



## HARRY'S FRACTIONS. BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

I WONDER whether my Tuesday monologues amuse my amiable readers half as much as their letters amuse and enchant me? Not that their letters all pat me on the back! Indeed, some of them frankly disagree with me, or acutely argue with me, or even scold me! I like it all. It is a mark of interest, and even a bad mark is better than no mark at all, just as hostile interest is better than a lack of interest. This morning the post, and my good luck, brought a letter from—no, I am not going to tell you the name of the town, for it seems it is one of those little glass towns where everybody knows everybody else's handwriting! It is somewhere in Scotland—Thrum's twin-town, perhaps! My correspondent is married. (Seems not to regret it, and even quotes her husband! All my friends are of an unusual pattern!)

"My dear Phrynette" (says she)—"unlike your friend's maid, I have not achieved 'Martouche'—I missed your last page in *The Sketch*, as the silly bookseller was late in sending it, and my husband popped it off to someone else before I had looked at it. (I am seriously thinking of forbidding him to read your pages, as you say such nasty, cynical things about women, and he says, 'That's what I am always telling you.')

"Personally, I have never come across backbiting, catty women, and I know so many who are the very opposite and always up in arms to help or defend their sisters. Harry says my experience is too limited to be of any use, but I have tons of friends and acquaintances, and if a large percentage of women are unkind to their sisters, why have I never met any or seen their claws?"

"Harry is very fond of making such remarks as these, 'Why do seven-eighths of the women in Princes Street endeavour to look like bad women?' I explain till I am black in the face that any London-dressed woman looks bad in Edinburgh; that it is cheaper and easier, if one is getting new things, to get them fashionable; and that, instead of seven-eighths, his fraction should stand at one-eighth!"

Now, I love subtle questions, just as I love untying refractory knots in a piece of string. What do

not, it will not, it dares not! We have to trust and be deceived, and then distrust and be ashamed of our distrust, until we fall at rest into the great truth. No, I am afraid, Harry, a man shall never know a bad woman from a good one—until she has broken his heart.

Harry is not complex enough in his conceptions of womanhood. Clothes do make the woman, but they do not make a virtuous woman from a bad one, or vice-versa. I suppose by "bad" he means the contrary of virtuous, though there are so many ways of being bad! To me, a woman who underpays or underfeeds her

maid, and grants her a few short hours on Sunday (every other Sunday!) and one pathetic evening a week, is a bad woman even if her boots be ever so thick, her skirt ill-cut, her nose shiny, and her hair torn back from her temples! I am curious to know what differentiates ladies in Princes Street from those of the rest of Scotland? My correspondent proffers the explanation that they are London-dressed, to distinguish themselves, I suppose, from the London women who are Paris-dressed. There is no such thing as London fashions, no more than there are Berlin fashions, or

St. Petersburg fashions. Fashion's birthplace is Paris. London, Berlin, and St. Petersburg can only modify, compromise, improve or spoil, rationalise or exaggerate, but they do not create. So, when Harry blames the turn-out of the Princes Street *smartees* (if there is any such word!) it is French fashions he is disapproving of. But fashions have, in truth, nothing to do with morals; there are no decent or indecent fashions, but only æsthetic or inæsthetic ones.

Lucretia achieved no small reputation for virtue in a costume which was, to say the least, very scanty—if beautiful and hygienic; while the seven devils have inhabited the cage-like premises of the crinoline, the demure shawl, and the poke-bonnet! There were "bad" women even in the ugliest periods of fashions.

It is only in the naïve and obvious world of the theatre that characters seem what they are. "You who enter, abandon all sophistry" should be written on the portals of playhouses—and they do.

I am sorry that my correspondent should find me sarcastic and uncharitable in my opinions on women. I love them, I find them *adroites* and ornamental. To watch a woman's beautiful hands pinning on a hat, arranging flowers, or stroking a cat, is a joy. But in those same hands I would not place the scales of Justice, or another woman's reputation, or a secret. Pandora called Peggy is still Pandora.



GOLFING AT MONTE CARLO: SIR CHARLES AND LADY HENRY.

Sir Charles Henry, the first Baronet, is European Representative of the United Metals Selling Company, of New York, and Managing-Director of C. S. Henry and Co., Ltd. He has sat as M.P. for the Wellington Division of Shropshire since 1906. In 1892, he married the eldest daughter of the late Leonard Lewisohn, of New York.—[Photograph by Navello.]



ON PIGEON-SHOOTING INTENT: LORD COCHRANE AND SIR VICTOR MACKENZIE, BT., AT MONTE CARLO.

Lord Cochrane is the elder son of the Earl of Dundonald, and is in the Scots Guards. Sir Victor Mackenzie is the third Baronet, and is also in the Scots Guards.

Photograph by Navello.

bad women look like? I am afraid they look very much like good ones! It would be of a great advantage to humanity if only it would classify itself into distinct and different types. Bad women, good women, cheats, philanthropists, clever rogues, "pure fools," villains and heroes, Shylocks and benefactors. But—but it does



DWELLERS IN THE VILLA INDIANA AT MONTE CARLO: THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF MAR.

The Earl of Mar, who was born in 1836, is the Premier Earl of Scotland and a Representative Peer. He is the thirty-third in descent from 1065. In 1866, he married Alice Mary Sinclair, daughter of the late John Hamilton, of Hilston Park, Monmouth.

Photograph by Navello.



EVIDENTLY FROM THE TEMPERATE ZONE.



HER MISTRESS: Have you given the goldfish any fresh water to-day, Mary?

MARY: No, Mum. They ain't drank all the water I gave them the other day yet, Mum.

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.



## NOTICE TO CRIMINALS: BEWARE OF THE MAN OF SCIENCE.\*

## Beware of the Man of Science.

Beware of the Man of Science! That should be the notice writ large above every man's gate for the warning of the criminal. Bill Sikes has added to his jemmies and his skeleton-keys such new things as the electric-torch and the oxy-acetylene metal-melter. For those, as for other new tools in his equipment, he has to thank the worker in laboratory or shop. Yet those same chemists and investigators and master-mechanics are his enemies too; they fashion against him, as for him. Even the least educated of his species is aware that he must be gloved while on nefarious pursuits intent, lest thumb-prints betray him. But he does not realise all his dangers—cannot guard against all, try as he will. That is why he is so often caught. Pitted against his daring and skill is much grey matter. The Khoji of Northern India knows the footprints of every person in his district as we know the faces of our friends. "One of these matchless trackers had hunted a criminal to the banks of a river. A Rajah had just crossed the river with two hundred of his people at his important heels. Amid this jumble of feet the Khoji lost the prints he had been following. Back he went for several miles to the spot at which he had first picked up the trail. Again he pursued it, and came the second time to the river's edge. He crossed the river, and there, amid the footmarks of all the Rajah's retinue, the terrible Khoji saw the very pair that had escaped him on the farther bank." That is indeed trained observation. There are innumerable other cases, nearer home. "Dust is of all kinds. The dust in a chemist's pocket would probably be quite different from that in a schoolboy's. . . . There was found upon a scene of crime a coat of which no one could determine the ownership. The officer who had the case in hand placed the garment in a stout paper bag, scrupulously gummed, and had the bag well beaten with a stick. The dust expelled from the coat was submitted to a chemical examiner. The chemist's analysis of the dust identified the coat as that of a joiner, a carpenter, or a sawyer. Again the dust went under the microscope, and gelatine and powdered glue were observed. These are not things that carpenters or sawyers use. The coat was a joiner's, then? It was."

## A Man Reconstructed from Two Hairs.

A knife may show no blood on its blade; yet, if some criminal has recently scoured it to get rid of tell-tale stains, "blood or blood mixed with water will almost certainly have run down into the part where the blade lies when it is closed. It may be necessary for an expert to take this knife to pieces and examine every piece beneath the microscope." Blood, further, will lurk unseen under finger-nails or under the skin where the nails and fingers meet. "No sapient criminal would use warm water to get rid of blood, yet five criminals

in six think it twice as efficacious as the running stream." Then there are such famous experts as Dr. Emile Pfaff. He received two hairs from the inside of a cap dropped by a murderer in his flight by night. "With his eye at the microscope under which these two hairs were displayed, Dr. Pfaff gave his description of the criminal: 'A man of middle age, of robust constitution, and inclined to obesity; black hair intermingled with grey hair, recently cut; commencing to grow bald.'" Beware of the Man of Science!



FORMERLY RECTOR OF WESTPORT, WHERE A COMPANY PLAYING HIS "GENERAL JOHN REGAN" MET WITH CONSIDERABLE TROUBLE: "GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM" (CANON JAMES OWEN HANNAY).

Photograph by Russell.

## Criminals' Dangerous Superstitions.

The criminal must avoid superstition as well, if he would retain his liberty. He finds this exceedingly difficult, it would seem. Even here he will almost always stick to the "line" in which he scored his first success. "In many parts of Europe criminals have a fixed belief that if they leave on the scene of the crime something that belongs to them, justice will be thrown off the scent. It is sufficient to wash the hands, to drop a piece of paper, to throw away a walking-stick. Even so suspicious an article as a handkerchief or a boot will be abandoned. In a word, urged by some superstitious influence that passes explanation, the thief, the burglar, or the murderer will deposit under the very eyes of justice some object that is likelier than not to betray him. . . . In certain hill-regions of Europe, a tiny hand shaped from the root of a fern will, if discovered in a cottage, be proof positive that the owner is a poacher. This 'hand of St. John' is all-important to him when, by the light of the new moon, he makes his fairy bullets that cannot miss their mark. Experts in house-breaking place much faith in a mannikin carved from the spring-root or mandrake."

## The Meshes of the Law.

All of which is to say that even the master evil-doer is ever in danger of being entangled in the meshes of the law, caught in the gin set by the keen investigator, and, as often as not, baited by himself; that even the best—or should one say the worst?—"wrong 'un" needs all his wiles as well as all his wits. Every hand is against him, and many of the hands are cunning. There is fairly certain to come for him a day when he will stand convicted by one learned in the law who is far less able than the blind half-brother of Henry Fielding, the novelist and magistrate at Westminster. Sir John sat at Bow Street, with a white silk bandage over his eyes, "recognising by the voice every old offender haled before him." His chances of escape will



THE HOAX STATUE IN PLACE IN BALLYMOY, THE PLAY-PLACE WHICH SOME THINK TOO LIKE WESTPORT: THE UNVEILING OF THE MEMORIAL TO THE GENERAL, IN "GENERAL JOHN REGAN."

It will be remembered that "General John Regan" turns on the fact that the inhabitants of Ballymoy are persuaded to set up a statue to that personage, their "local hero," a worthy so closely related to Mrs. Harris that he, too, never existed! Details of the trouble at Westport during the presentation of Canon Hannay's play there will be found on a page in our Supplement.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

be but small, even if—like a certain Italian—he be tattooed from head to foot to represent the full uniform of a General in the army of his country!—"The Romance of Fraud" is the most fascinating volume we have read for many a day. We have quoted but one or two interesting points from it; the rest are legion.

\* "The Romance of Fraud." By Tighe Hopkins. (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d. net.)



A BARE POSSIBILITY.



MASTER (*returning home*): Where's your mistress, Bridget?  
BRIDGET: If you please, Sorr, she's shtripping for dinner.

DRAWN BY VERA WILLOUGHBY.



# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## AN INTOLERABLE SITUATION.

By E. D. HENDERSON.

"DON'T you think," said Featherstonehaugh, "that it's about time we faced the situation? We've been on this cursed island for two years——"

"And two months and five days," added Barry. He it was who kept their Crusoe-like calendar, by means of notches on the trunk of a tree.

"And there doesn't seem the slightest chance of our leaving it——"

"Not the slightest," interrupted Barry again. He spoke resignedly.

"For heaven's sake, don't talk like that!" Featherstonehaugh caught him up, in one of the sudden gusts of irritability that the long continuance of their unnatural life had begun to rouse in him from time to time.

"But, my dear fellow," Barry remonstrated placidly, "you said yourself there wasn't the slightest chance; and I merely repeated your own words."

"I know," Featherstonehaugh said shortly. "But it was the tone in which you said it—it was almost cheerful!"

"Well, really, you know, Featherstonehaugh, you must admit that the life here is not at all a bad one. If you'd knocked about the world as much as I have, if you hadn't been born with a whole table-service of silver in your mouth—if, instead of the ha'pence that you've had, you'd had the kicks that I've had—you wouldn't think it was such awfully hard lines, even if we *do* have to spend the remainder of our natural lives here. The climate's good, there's just enough difficulty in obtaining our food to keep us from getting too slack, no special dangers to fear, beautiful scenery, good company—why, lots of men 'ud give their eyes to be in our shoes!"

"Shoes!" repeated Featherstonehaugh, with almost childish querulousness, as he glanced contemptuously at the clumsy wrappings of untanned hide that served them both as foot-gear.

Barry laughed good-humouredly. "Don't despise my handiwork," he said. "They answer the purpose—as the rest of our home-made clothes do." Then he suddenly burst into a hearty laugh. "We *should* look rather funny walking down Piccadilly, shouldn't we?"

The appearance of the two men was indeed grotesque enough to provoke a smile. Their heads, arms, and legs were bare. The hair of both was long, and each had a heavy beard, whiskers, and moustache. The blue serge trousers of Featherstonehaugh hung, in fringed tatters, above his knees. His sole upper garment was a kind of tabard, made of skins laced together. Barry wore a similar tabard, and a pair of roughly fashioned breeches—also of skin. But while Barry wore his strange garb with an easy grace, as if he had never worn anything else, Featherstonehaugh could by no means adapt himself to his. "I feel as if I were fooling about in a pantomime or a comic opera!" he said once, angrily.

"Oh, don't talk about it!" he exclaimed passionately, now. "It makes me sick!" He paused, then continued, "But don't you think we ought to come to some understanding?"

"About what?" queried Barry.

"About"—he jerked his head forward—"her."

"Don't know quite what you mean," replied Barry. There was a slight note of stiffness in his voice.

"Well," explained Featherstonehaugh, "if we're settled here for ever—and it looks as if we were—we ought to decide who's going to——" He stopped, evidently finding some difficulty in concluding his sentence.

Barry waited, and gave no help.

"Which of us is going to . . ." Featherstonehaugh went on, in halting fashion . . . "well"—he brought it out with a rush at last—"what I mean is this: If we're hung up here for ever, one of us ought to be free to—to woo her, and eventually, when she realises that there's no earthly chance of getting away, to win her. The question is, which of us is it to be—you or I? My idea is that it'll save an awful lot of trouble and bad feeling if we settle now whether it's to be you or I. Then the other must just stand aside and be out of the running altogether—must just make the best of it; or, if he finds he can't stand it . . ."—he shrugged his shoulders and added, under his breath, "chuck himself over the cliff." Then he continued aloud, "We're both in love with her, and we've

both got it pretty badly. I know it, and you know it—she's the only one who doesn't know it. But the state of things now is absolutely intolerable! You must see for yourself that we can't go on like this much longer. We're not very far from hating each other at this present moment." He stopped, eyed Barry inquiringly, and said, "Well?"

"Don't you think," asked Barry, in icy tones, "that you're somewhat premature? And don't you think that, if there's any choosing to be done, she's the one to do it?"

"No, I don't!" Featherstonehaugh flared up angrily. "She's quite indifferent to both of us. You know she is. She doesn't seem to know what love is—it hasn't the slightest interest for her. Can you for one moment, for instance, imagine her flirting? No; she's an icicle. And probably, if she'd stayed in civilisation, she'd never have thawed. But here it's different. We've suddenly been plunged back tens of thousands of years. We are primitive man, and, take my word for it, when one of us ceases to pay her all the little attentions he's been in the habit of paying her, and when she finds she's altogether dependent on one man, for everything, she'll become primitive woman too!"

"Don't like it," said Barry shortly. "Don't like your idea at all. And how, may I ask, do you propose that the choice shall be made? Shall we toss for her?" he asked, with scathing emphasis.

His sarcasm stung Featherstonehaugh to fury.

"Don't be such a fool!" he said sharply. "As for the mode of the choice, we can settle that later on. But if you're content to go on halving her smiles—why, I'm *not*. I can't stand it much longer. . . . I'm pretty nearly mad now—mad with love of her! I can't wait . . . I *must* know—one way or the other. . . . You! . . . You love her, I know. But you're such a cold-blooded, unemotional beggar that I don't suppose it matters much to you *when* you know. But I tell you that, if this thing isn't settled soon, I do verily believe I shall go out of my mind! . . . Let's settle it—for God's sake! . . . Let the one who's the lucky one have it all plain sailing, and let the other keep out of the way . . ." ("And be damned to him!" he added in a whisper.)

"I believe he's right," Barry reflected, "in what he says about himself. He's not far off madness now. This life's telling on him—badly. It may be that if we 'settle it,' as he says, he'll calm down. If he were the lucky one, he'd be all right. And if not—well, he may possibly accept it quietly. It will be best for him to get it settled. For my part, much as I love her, I'd rather let things remain as they are. I hate the idea——"

"For God's sake, man, say 'Yes' or 'No'!" Featherstonehaugh broke into his musings.

"Then—yes."

"That's right! . . . Now, as to the method—shall we draw lots?"

"N-n-no," said Barry slowly. He was thinking that, surely, some mode of choice might be found slightly less derogatory to her dignity. "I have it!" he cried suddenly. "When we get back, we'll walk up to her together, and the one to whom she speaks first—neither of us must speak to her—let him be the man!"

"Right!" said Featherstonehaugh. "It's agreed, then—the one she first addresses; neither of us to say a word till she has spoken."

"That's it."

"Then let's get on at once!"—and together they made their way over the rocks, in blissful ignorance that the subject of their late conversation had heard every word of it.

Cynthia Waynflete was the daughter of George Waynflete, a successful stockbroker who had a passion for yachting. Nearly two and a half years ago he had left England on his yacht—the newspapers called it "palatial"—for a six months' cruise in the Pacific Ocean. The party consisted, besides himself, of his wife, his only child Cynthia, his niece Violet, and three friends. Of these, and of the yacht's crew, three only were now alive. A fire in mid-ocean, a rush to the boats, seventeen days of exposure, mental agony, short rations—all these took their toll. Four of them landed on the island, on the eighteenth day of their sufferings, but the fourth—a member of the crew—died a few days later.

Of the two men who survived, Featherstonehaugh, aged thirty-three, was the elder. He was an old friend of the Waynflete family. He was aristocrat to the tips of his fingers, and, being possessed of

[Continued overleaf.]



# WHAT SHOULD WE DO WITHOUT THE CAMERA?

ANOTHER SNAP AT OUR NOBLE SELVES.



MISS IVY CLING: WHO SAYS "MONTE CARLO" FOUR TIMES AND BENDS ONE LEG TWICE, IN "THE DARING GIRL" ON TOUR.



MISS PRETTY PRETTY: WHO IS CREATING SOMETHING OF A FURORE WITH HER NEW SONG, "CUCKOO, LITTLE BROWN JUG."



MISS GENTLE ZEPHYR: WHOSE SONG, "I'M GOING BACK TO THE ZOO ZOO ZOO" HAS SET THE TOWN HUMMING.



A LEADING LADY AT FOURTEEN: MISS HETTY INANE, WHO IS PLAYING THE NAME-PART IN "DIMPLED DAISY."

DRAWN BY G. S. SHERWOOD.

considerable wealth, had been deemed likely to make an excellent life-partner for Cynthia. Hence his inclusion in the yachting party.

As for Barry, he was the son of an old friend of Waynflete's youth. Barry's father was engaged in dissipating a fortune while Waynflete was making one, and died, leaving his son with nothing save a paternal blessing and a half-finished education. For fifteen years Barry had, in different quarters of the globe, pursued his calling of civil engineer. A chance encounter with his father's old friend—who had lost sight of him for many years, but was strongly attracted, on this occasion, by his (external) likeness to his father—had led to a pressing invitation to join in the cruise.

"Thanks, very much. I shall be delighted," had been Barry's answer. "I feel it's about time I took a holiday. I've not had one for fifteen years. It'll do me good."

Mrs. Waynflete had protested vigorously against the invitation being given to Barry.

"Suppose Cynthia falls in love with him?"

"Not she! Has she ever shown the slightest sign of falling in love with anyone, though she's twenty-six now? Think of all the eligibles you've trotted out! She's taken no more notice of them than if they'd been her brothers, or some of my old pals! Look at Featherstonehaugh! You couldn't have anyone more desirable than he is! You think this trip'll bring things to a head. I don't! Cynthia seems to me to be absolutely love-proof. As for Barry, he'll do nicely for Violet. A country parson's daughter can't expect to do better. He's saved a bit, he tells me; and he's always sure of a good billet. He's a nice fellow, too."

But the fateful voyage had put an end to scheme and kindly schemers alike. And the three survivors were left alone, on a desert island in the Pacific Ocean, to work out their own destiny.

On this particular occasion, Featherstonehaugh and Barry had gone far afield on a hunting expedition, equipped with primitive spears, and bows and arrows, of Barry's contriving. Cynthia had been left behind, at the wigwams of branches of trees and goat-skins which, for the last two years, had been their home. Tiring of their long absence, she had wandered along the cliffs to meet them, and sitting down to rest with her back against a rock, had overheard their unfortunate discussion.

She had heard them coming, and had at first intended to surprise them by her unexpected appearance. But, as they paused for a moment quite near to her to readjust their burdens, she had gathered that they were about to discuss the "situation," which she took to mean the likelihood (or otherwise) of escaping from the island; and being anxious to hear their real opinion—for she had a shrewd idea that they always "made the best of things" to her, she had remained in hiding behind her rock.

On hearing their proposition, she was filled with unbounded indignation. She was too much shocked, too stunned, for a while, to discuss the affair with herself. For a long time she sat on, in a kind of stupor. But at last she roused herself to think.

"How dare they?" was her first reflection. "How *dare* they?" To think that they can dispose of me like that! It's intolerable. It's unpardonable! I'll never speak to either of them again!"

But a moment's consideration showed her that this decision, however desirable, could not, under the circumstances, be carried out.

"Oh, God! If I could only escape! They're nothing but brutes, after all! And here I am, alone with them. How much better it would have been for me to die, with the others. I know Violet wouldn't have minded this half so much as I do. I've always hated the idea of having a man sharing my inmost life. It's positively revolting to me! Oh, dear, what shall I do? What *can* I do?"

A little longer she sat there, heart and brain a-fire with anger at the insult that she deemed had been offered to her—and, through her, to civilised womanhood. Then, seeing the necessity for some course of action, she rose and followed the two men to the camp.

Arrived there, she found Barry busily engaged in kindling a fire, while Featherstonehaugh stood idly watching him.

"Oh, there you both are!" she addressed them, together. "I have a splitting head-ache, and shall have to go to bed at once. I shan't want anything to eat, thanks."

Barry glanced quickly at Featherstonehaugh, and, murmuring under his breath, "Agreement's off, *pro tem*," asked Cynthia anxiously, "Won't you have a little broth? I'll soon get some ready."

"Yes—do have something," urged Featherstonehaugh.

"No, thanks," she said to them both; "I shall be better without anything. I shall be all right in the morning, I expect. Good-night." And she entered her wigwam and let down the goat-skin curtain that hung in front of it with a childish glow of triumph in having outwitted them, even though it were in so minute a particular of their scheme.

But her pleasure did not last long. "I can't always speak to them both together. . . . And besides, anyway, they'll find some other way of deciding. . . . Oh dear, if I were only a squaw I shouldn't mind a bit—I suppose I should be flattered even. . . . But I'm miles away from being a squaw, as it happens! . . . Civilisation, education, everything else has done its work. As they said, *they* can hark back to primitive man. But I can't—and never

shall. . . . I like them both, immensely—especially Tom." (Tom was Barry.) "They're both so awfully good to me—take such care of me, and do everything they possibly can for me. I like them both *immensely* as friends, but as anything else—no!"

Cynthia passed a restless, sleepless night on her couch of dried grass, and rose unrefreshed, and still much perturbed, in the morning, saying to herself, "It's not a bit of use trying to look ahead! I can't at all see what's going to be the end of this. . . . I must just wait—keep on good but distant terms with them both, and meantime pray to God that a ship may come and rescue me from this awful plight."

Just then she heard Barry's voice inquiring gently, "How are you this morning, Cynthia?"

"Much better, thanks. I'm getting up."

"Oh, I'm so glad! We're just off for our bathe. I've lit the fire. D'you fancy roast turtle's egg for breakfast?"

"Yes, thanks."

"Right!"—and she heard their voices die away as they walked to the end of the cliff plateau where they had fixed their abode (it being the highest point of the island and affording the best lookout) and then made their way down to the shore.

Cynthia flung back her curtain and drank in the glorious morning air, then dressed, leisurely combing out her long golden hair with the wooden comb that Barry had carved for her. Then she sat down to await the return of the two men, for they were so far from primitive man that they still waited on her and refused to allow her to share their work. True, Barry had, as time went on, had wise misgivings as to whether it would not be really kinder to let her help with the cooking, and work of that sort. "She'd have less time for regrets and forebodings," he said to himself, though not to the others—not wishing to appear less chivalrous than Featherstonehaugh.

When Cynthia left the men on the preceding evening they had, with an effort, shelved the subject which, now that they had faced it in all its importance, was uppermost in their thoughts. Nor did either of them mention Cynthia's name until they were climbing the cliff on their way back from their bathe.

"Our little plot last night failed," Barry began. "Don't you think that means, somehow, that we'd better leave things as they are for a bit—and go on as we are? You know, there's always a *chance* that a ship may turn up. We don't *know*."

"I tell you I can't go on any longer like this," said Featherstonehaugh quickly; "it's *got* to be settled."

"Supposing I refuse?" said Barry quietly. "I can't help thinking that the whole thing's horribly disrespectful to her, somehow. Think how she'd hate it, if she knew! . . . No, Featherstonehaugh," he went on, with growing conviction, "I really must ask you to let the matter rest—for a time, anyhow."

"You think your chance is best anyhow, I suppose?" sneered Featherstonehaugh angrily. "I suppose you think that, because you are a bit more skilful with your hands, that you're the better man? But, by God!"—his passion was gathering strength as he spoke—"it *shall* be settled! One of us shall have her—the other must go!"—and with a sudden movement, in a fit of raging jealousy, he flung himself upon his rival.

Barry saw the frenzied look of the maniac in Featherstonehaugh's eye, and realised at once that this was to be a life and death struggle.

Featherstonehaugh was clutching at his throat now, but Barry's iron grip held him in check.

Barry was of stouter build than Featherstonehaugh, and stronger; but Featherstonehaugh had the advantage in science that he lacked in strength. The fight was desperate. There was no slackening of it as the seconds passed. Faces empurpled, eyes starting almost from their sockets, the two men swayed—now to this side, now that.

The confused, scrambling sounds of the struggle reached Cynthia's ears. Curiosity drew her to the edge of the small plateau on which the camp was fixed. With an exclamation of horror, she caught sight of the two men almost immediately below her. Neither of them heeded her—or even saw her. She strove to move, to call out to them, but a paralysis of horror held her in its grip.

The men were fighting on a narrow ledge of rock, which they had approached by a gradual ascent, but from which, on the other side, there was a sheer drop down to the sea of a hundred feet or more.

Even as Cynthia gazed, the inevitable happened.

Regardless of their narrow battle-ground, the men fought on madly. Blood streamed from Featherstonehaugh's forehead, and, trickling down over his eyes, blinded him. Barry had his back to the sea. There was a fierce lunging thrust from Featherstonehaugh, and Barry, with an awful yell of agony, was forced backwards over the cliff, and fell crashing down on to the rocks, a hundred feet below.

With him—almost on him—fell Featherstonehaugh, who had not been able to recover his balance.

A mad look of terror glazed Cynthia's eyes as she peered down at the small, dark heap below.

It was motionless.

Two thoughts flashed through her brain—"They are dead!" . . . "I am alone!" Then she lifted her head, and, with an unseeing gaze, stared seaward.

THE END.





# ON THE LINKS

RIVIERA GOLF: COSTEBELLE FOR COMFORT: GOLFING "BABES IN THE WOOD": A RIVAL TO CECIL LEITCH.

## A Crush on the Riviera.

For two or three weeks past I and some seventy others have been watching the sun shining all day long upon the eighteen holes of Costebelle. The Riviera is having a bigger and better golfing season this year than ever before, and now it is rising to its height. The P.L.M. "Rapide" and "Luxe" (that leave Paris just about the time of dinner) steal swiftly through the middle of France in dark, cold hours, and burst upon Toulon and the warm, blue Mediterranean just as the big Southern sun rises up. They give forth to most of the stations thence onward from one to twenty golf-bags—sometimes more. Some people have said that the Riviera is being drained of pleasure-seekers by the snow-covered Alps: all I can say in answer is that the golf season here is far more active than any of its predecessors, and that for the first time in the history of Mediterranean golf the courses have been most inconveniently overcrowded. All along from Costebelle to Cannes and Nice, and beyond them to Mont Agel (which is the course of Monte Carlo), and farther on to Sospel, there is a cry for room to play and for caddies to bear clubs, for it is the fact that, unless the boys are engaged overnight, there is little chance of getting them after nine o'clock in the morning. I know one course in these parts—not a long course either—which has had to sustain the games of 240 players between the hours of nine and five, at which time the daylight gives out suddenly. In such a whirl of circumstance, peace and golfing comfort become primal considerations, and upon all the points of pleasure and satisfaction, give me Costebelle for play in February.

## The Charm of Costebelle.

At this charming little place away up in the hills, as green now in mid-winter as ever English hills are in June, it is the plain, common-sense outdoor life that is led, with just an agreeable amount of social and musical refreshment, and a minimum of the flummeries of fashion. Elsewhere on the Riviera there is usually an eight-mile journey to make from one's hotel to the golf-course: there is one place where you have to do more than that, and to travel for a part of the

scorning the special hotel 'bus, patronised by the more indolent, which whizzes the golfers away to the links on the plains below in a matter of five or ten minutes—take what I verily believe to be the prettiest walking way to any golf-course in the world. A couple of minutes after leaving the hotel, the sun then shining better and the birds singing more, we dive to the left from the zigzag path and plunge through crackling thickets into a Lilliputian forest in which it seems that robbers and tigers abound. However, golfers are brave men, and, after ten minutes of hard driving through the brushwood, we come out into the open again at the bottom of the hill. Sometimes, however, accidents happen, and there is a pretty tale being told just now of the return journey being made by two golfers late in the day, when the sun had gone, of their taking a short rest in the middle of the wood until darkness came on, and of their then failing, despite most desperate efforts, to get back to the open for four more hours, having been almost resigned to a night amid the trees. When safety was secured, most of their clothing was torn, some jewellery was lost, and the tobacco and match-supply had long since been exhausted.

## Mixed Foursome Triumph.

From the bottom of the wood there is a walk through the vineyards, past the big flower-house with the palm-trees about it, along across the fields of violets, by the giant rushes—those big upstanding columns that come in so nastily for sliced shots at the ninth hole: Corinthian columns, some people have called them—and so to the first tee by the clubhouse. It is a long and tolerably testing course: in some respects, the best on the Riviera. The competition and general play here in recent weeks has been heartening and good. On the Riviera the mixed four-

some comes into its own as nowhere else, and never did it rise to such heights as here recently, when four couples tied for first place in the annual competition for the "Colonel's Cups." At the finish, Sir Walter Miéville and Miss Gertrude Levy were winners after an extraordinary round against bogey, in which they were three down at the thirteenth, and a rival pair three up, the former finishing all



PICKED UP! BY THE GIANT RUSHES WHICH ARE A FEATURE OF THE NINTH HOLE AT COSTEBELLE.

The hazards of the Costebelle (Hyères) golf course are natural—gorse, sand bunkers, and ditches. The links are over 6000 yards long, partly on sandy soil.



ONE OF THE BUSIEST CENTRES OF RIVIERA GOLF THIS WINTER: THE CLUB-HOUSE AT COSTEBELLE.

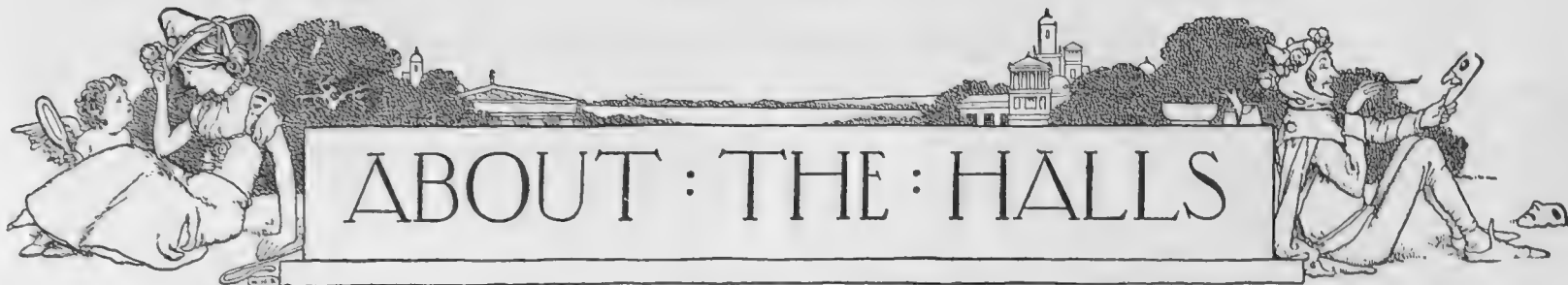


THROUGH VINEYARDS AND VIOLET-FIELDS: THE WAY TO THE COSTEBELLE GOLF COURSE.

morning in such violent twists and turns as to disturb the emotions more than is good for subsequent golf. Now here at Costebelle one awakes at, say—with a little luck and proper attention—seven o'clock. At this juncture the windows are opened, the sun comes over from Toulon, the birds begin to sing, and we, feeling a kind of chanticler, take our coffee, cold bath, summery flannels, and—

square and the others collapsing. I think this Miss Levy is likely to make a big impression in the ladies' championships of the near future. She is a big, athletic girl; drives a very long ball, whose only fault, as so often with ladies, is that it is a little too high at present; and has a style and capacity, especially in her iron play, that not even Miss Cecil Leitch can excel.

HENRY LEACH.



THE HIPPODROME REVUE : OPERA AT THE COLISEUM : A COMEDIAN.

A SECOND visit to "Hullo, Tango!" found it going eminently well and considerably brightened since its first appearance, and the Hippodrome may be congratulated on the acquirement of a complete success. The authors, Mr. Max Pemberton and Mr. Albert P. de Courville, have not rested upon their laurels, but have been fully awake to the necessity of keeping their production up to date, and the new edition is bright and novel as could be desired. The management has had the common-sense to acquire a goodly supply of really competent artists who are fully alive to the necessity of keeping the piece up to the mark, and their efforts are in every respect entirely successful in extracting laughter and applause from crowded audiences. The possession of Miss Ethel Levey is a big asset in its favour. This talented lady is without rival in this kind of work, and bears a great part of the burden of the show with illimitable verve and good-humour, while her powers of burlesque are unique. This particular gift is well displayed in the "Diplomacy" parody, in which she plays Countess Zicka with admirable effect; whilst her complete sense of fun is most satisfactorily shown in her appearance as Miss Tate-à-Tate in the aeroplane. In the latter she is supported by Mr. Harry Tate, who is the other great feature of the show. He is a most versatile comedian, evoking peals of merriment whenever he appears. Now he is burlesquing Mr. George Robey, now he is the upside-down aviator, next a comic boxing-man, and then an ancient Chelsea pensioner, and he always succeeds in keeping the house in constant laughter. Then there is Miss Shirley Kellogg, who sings excellently well; also Mr. Morris Harvey, whose imitations are always first-rate; and a host of other artists who are all thoroughly alert and bright and full of spirit and "go." The burlesque of the cinematograph pictures is exceedingly well done; there is an American dancer of decided powers, an Arab chieftain who sings very well—in fact, everything is done with most satisfactory results to make the piece a success. It looks as if it will be a long time before the Hippodrome feels the necessity for a change of programme.

Opera at the Coliseum. The music-hall is beginning to show still further enterprise and to exploit still more ambitious schemes. The latest is grand opera, and while "Parsifal" is being performed at Covent Garden, the Coliseum is giving us a condensed version of "Cavalleria Rusticana." Here we may discern the beginning of a new state of things and the inauguration of a new life for opera. Not content with a succession of "turns" and the

performance of a one-act piece by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bouchier, the management of the Coliseum elects to put on a version of this popular opera which extends the performance during the afternoon until six o'clock—surely a new movement. There are many operas which might be treated in this fashion. It is noticeable that a large section of the audience stays on until the close of the performance, bestowing, at the finish, very generous applause. The company engaged is a good all-round combination which gives an exceedingly good rendering of the work, and the orchestra performs the music well indeed. The arrangement at times strikes one as being somewhat arbitrary, and there is a pause during the proceedings for the celebrated Intermezzo, which, it may be said, goes as well as it did during the early days of the opera; but it cannot be gainsaid that the piece gives indications of cutting and compression which are not altogether to its advantage. The artists are all capable performers, and the chorus does its share of the work in a highly creditable manner. It only remains to be seen whether the experiment proves sufficiently successful to be further carried on. At any rate, it is interesting, and its results will be awaited with curiosity.

At the "Pav." The other evening I found a large audience at the Pavilion full of laughter at the revue, and welcoming with much hilarity the eccentricities of Mr. George Formby. With the temporary disappearance of the Tivoli and the devotion of the larger halls to revue, it begins to look as if the lion-comique's day were well-nigh over, but still there are instances which bid one hope for a continuance of his prowess, and Mr. Formby certainly is the possessor of powers to amuse which should keep him going for a long time. It is now some years since he first made his appearance at the Tivoli, and he shows no diminution of his ability to make London laugh with his Lancashire dialect and with his quaint gifts of fun-making. He is essentially the droll, and, whatever he does or whatever he sings, he possesses the faculty of extracting laughter from the Londoner. His attempts at dancing invariably prove immensely funny. He has a curious manner of being imperturbably silly which is irresistibly effective. His is but a small medium, but he works it so well that it is invariably successful, and his own inimitable good-humour has an effect upon his hearers which never fails. It may be safe to prophesy that, while the music-hall lasts in its present form, so long will he retain his present power of making it laugh.

ROVER.



A CLEVER TRIO NOW ON TOUR IN A NOVEL DANCE AND ACROBATIC SCENA : THE THREE AVENUE GIRLS.

Photograph by Corn.



AFTER THE FIRST NIGHT : MISS ISOBEL ELSOM, THE GAIETY'S NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD LEADING LADY, ARRANGING HER FLORAL GIFTS AFTER THE PREMIÈRE OF "AFTER THE GIRL."

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.





# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

THE AUSTRIAN ALPINE RELIABILITY TRIALS: LAST YEAR'S CONTEST: THE BRADFORD POLICE.

## The 1914 Alpine Trial.

All who are keen on the sporting side of motoring have been eagerly awaiting the publication of the regulations for this year's Austrian Alpine contest. This event is planned on such a broad and bold scale, and provides so searching a test of the strength or weakness of the cars engaged, that it is now accepted as the chief event in the automobile calendar, so far as relates to competitions which are confined to touring vehicles. No car with a single weak spot in its anatomy can hope to survive this exacting ordeal, the details of which simply make the reliability trials which used to be held in Scotland mere child's-play by comparison. Even

## Sporting Amateurs.

One feature which made last year's trial so interesting was the fine sporting way in which owners came forward when the manufacturers themselves had conspired to wreck the trial. The Austrian firms held aloof, and also the majority of the German, but such a goodly array of sportsmen was forthcoming that the contest proved to be a brilliant success. Two of the Austrian Archdukes and Prince Elias of Parma were among the competitors, as well as many other amateurs, and the contest was carried through with such zest and such magnificent organisation that the manufacturers who did not enter suffered a grievous shock. Their equanimity was particularly disturbed, moreover, by the fact that among the manufacturers' entries was a team of Rolls-Royces from England which performed throughout in magnificent style. The composition of the entry-list of this year's trial should therefore form an interesting study, and it will be surprising, to say the least, if the Austrian and German firms allow the honours to be carried off under their noses without a struggle on their own part. The dates of the contest, by the way, are June 11 to 23, and entries will be received at single fees up to May 16, and at double fees until May 30. For the most part the regulations are the same as those of last year's trial, and are very severe in respect of penalties. In spite of the difficulties of the route, nevertheless, no fewer than nine cars came through last year without a single stop, or without earning a penalty-mark in the subsequent examination of the chassis for "condition after trial."



THE AUSTRIAN ALPINE TRIAL, 1914: NEARING THE SUMMIT OF THE LOIBL PASS, ONE OF THE STEEPEST IN EUROPE, AND ON THE ROUTE OF THE CONTEST.

Copyright Photograph.

in respect of daily mileage the Austrian itinerary far exceeds anything with which we are familiar in British contests; but what is even more significant is the amount of work which the daily journeys necessarily involve in the way of long climbs to Alpine summits, and the even more difficult descents.

## A Great Trial.

The Imperial and Royal Automobile Club of Austria has now issued the rules for this year's contest, and these make it clear at a glance that the trial will be more than ever formidable. There will be eight running days instead of seven, as heretofore, though, fortunately for the drivers, the previous practice of having a day of rest at Trieste has been extended, and there will now be an additional rest-day, probably at Bozen. The total distance will be at least 2800 kilometres, or 1736 miles, and may even amount to 3100 kilometres, or 1922 miles, as it is not yet known whether the consent can be obtained of the local authorities as to one or two sections of road. In any case, however, the competing cars will practically cover the whole of Austria, from Vienna on the east to the western boundary of Tyrol, cross the wonderful Stelvio Pass (the highest road in Europe), explore the amazingly beautiful region of the Dolomites, and go right down to the blue waters of the Adriatic at Trieste before returning northwards to Vienna. There will be some amount of running on the flat over good roads, of course, but the bulk of the itinerary is over mountains, and will include numerous passes, several of which are over six thousand feet high, with one of over seven thousand, while the Stelvio itself exceeds nine thousand. It is almost worth while for anyone to undertake the tour for the sake of the surpassing beauties of the landscape; from the point of view of road travel they far exceed anything which could be enjoyed in Switzerland, even if the Swiss Alpine roads were universally available to motor-cars—which, for the present, albeit without any rhyme or reason, they are not.



ON THE ROUTE OF A CONTEST WHICH MAKES THE RELIABILITY TRIALS FORMERLY HELD IN SCOTLAND MERE CHILD'S-PLAY BY COMPARISON: ON THE ROLLE PASS, OVER WHICH THOSE COMPETING IN THIS YEAR'S AUSTRIAN ALPINE TRIAL WILL HAVE TO DRIVE.

The Austrian Alpine contest for 1914, the rules for which have just been issued, will include eight running days, and the competing cars will cover practically the whole of Austria: from Vienna to the western boundary of Tyrol, across the Stelvio Pass, through the Dolomites, to Trieste, and then back to Vienna. The total distance will be at least 1736 miles, and possibly 1922.—[Copyright Photograph.]

constable is placed in the correct position, and that anybody who does not drive right round him is liable to a fine of forty shillings. It is difficult to accept this view of the case on examination of the plan, but, even if the chief constable were in the right, he might at least have mingled a little more urbanity with the expression of his opinion. The question is of more than local importance from the fact that similar methods of traffic control (?) are attempted in other towns.

## Bradford and the Motorist.

A difficulty has arisen in the woollen town in respect of the arrangements for the controlling of the traffic, a policeman being placed on point duty at the junction of two important thoroughfares in such a way that, instead of taking a natural line round the corner, the drivers of vehicles have to make an absurd détour. A correspondent of the *Autocar* states that he wrote to the chief constable enclosing a plan of the spot, and suggesting a better way of coping with the situation; but the chief constable has replied with an intimation to the effect that the



THE AUSTRIAN ALPINE CONTEST, 1914: ON THE PORDOI PASS—THE LANG-KÖFEL GROUP IN THE BACKGROUND.

Copyright Photograph.



SIR HARRY JOHNSTON never dines out without being called upon to explain his position in regard to plumage and the gun. When he sits among ospreys and eats the underdone quail that is a table fashion of the moment, his presence always provokes defiant queries from the ladies as to the things he does and does not allow. "And you yourself have shot thousands of lions!" is the counter-charge when he looks reproachfully at the bird-of-paradise perched in the hair of a fair neighbour. To which charge he answers that the only lion he has ever shot was one that had floundered into his African pig-sty and could not be got out alive. The other night, as the guest of the Portuguese Minister, Sir Harry proved himself to be one of the most innocent of a company which included several experienced hunters. With the Rance of Sarawak, Lord and Lady Emmott, Sir Frank and Lady Newnes, Mrs. Alec Tweedie, and the Marquis de Beaumont among his guests, the Portuguese Minister's party was a much-travelled one.

*Resign or Abdicate?* The snobbishness of some words and the lowliness of others is illustrated in the famous report of a boating accident on a nobleman's lake. "His Lordship suffered immersion," ran the paragraph in the local paper; but of John, the valet, it was told that "he got a good ducking." "Abdication," we were reminded last week, is a word

that has never lost its high station. It belongs to history-books and to the newspaper posters when rumours come from Sweden. And yet some monarchs might prefer a less portentous phrase. So thought Stevenson: "I can't even resign; I must needs abdicate," he makes Otto

on the wooden floors of the Chelsea Polytechnic she and her sons, though not all seven of them, have gone through the steps that belong properly to other scenes. Sir Laurence's recreation has till now, as he puts it, been "change of work," but with his resignation change of work will give place to change of air; and Lady Gomme will be able to go through her country steps, not under the electric lights of the "Poly," but on the village green.

*Two Willoughbys in the Field.* Last week brought serious accidents to two famous horsewomen. Both Lady Middleton and Lady Dalhousie belong to the hunting-world, and both, strangely enough, are Willoughbys. Lord Middleton, who must not be confused with the Viscount of much the same title (the difference is that he carries no double "d"), was known as the Hon. Digby Willoughby before he succeeded; and Lady Dalhousie, a daughter of the first Earl of Ancaster, was Lady Mary Willoughby before she married. That the ladies thus linked by name and tumblers may get well together, and speedily, is the hope of their many mutual friends.

*Compromising Covent Garden.* "Parsifal" put everybody into two minds about food and dress, and many people were left wobbling till the bitter end. The strenuous



"THE PROPOSAL: 'YOU PRESUME TOO MUCH, SIR!'"—CHILDREN OF MRS. SPENCER, OF TURVEY, BEDFORDSHIRE, IN FANCY-DRESS.

Photograph by Thomson.



TO MARRY MR. ARTHUR FITZGERALD TO-MORROW (FEB. 19): MISS MARY FORESTER.

Miss Forester is the eldest daughter of Captain F. Forester, Master of the Quorn, of Saxelbye Park, Melton Mowbray. Mr. FitzGerald is the second son of Sir Maurice FitzGerald, Bt., the twentieth Knight of Kerry.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

complain when that Prince is beset with revolution, and desires for life on a farm.

*Lady Gomme and the "Poly."* Sir Laurence Gomme's

career on the L.C.C. has forced him into the habits of a confirmed Londoner; and Lady Gomme, though her heart is in the country, has done her best to make shift with the life of the town. She is an indefatigable Morris-dancer; and



ENGAGED: MR. J. C. WYNNE-FINCH AND MISS ALICE M. S. GLYN.

Miss Glyn is the younger daughter of the Bishop of Peterborough and Lady Mary Glyn, daughter of the eighth Duke of Argyll. Mr. Wynne-Finch, of the Coldstreams, is the elder son of the late Colonel C. Wynne-Finch, of Voelas, North Wales.—[Photographs by Mayall and Lafayette, Dublin.]



TO MARRY A GRANDSON OF CHARLES DICKENS: MISS SYBIL CUNLIFFE-OWEN.

Miss Cunliffe-Owen is the daughter of Mr. Edward Cunliffe-Owen, C.M.G., and grand-daughter of the late Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen. Mr. Philip Charles Dickens, to whom she will be married on Friday, the 20th, at the Brompton Oratory, is the son of Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens, K.C.

Photograph by Swaine.

but refreshed crowd that returned for the second part. If more than one chef lamented a good meal spoiled in the bolting, more than one valet had his heart broken by the makeshifts of a Wagner-mad master. Various were the devices adopted to meet the situation. Lord Portsmouth's combination of opera-hat and grey suit was the boldest compromise ever seen in Covent Garden.





By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**She Who Knows.** There are few more interesting personalities than Mme. Montessori, the Italian who is at present making the whole world discuss her system of educating children by letting them develop their own talents and their own imagination. A woman—Mme. Curie—made the greatest scientific discovery of any age; it is just possible that another European woman will make an equally momentous discovery about training the mind. For it is quite obvious that the ordinary child holds "lessons" in abhorrence, and this because the process of teaching is dull, stiff, inflexible, and leaves little to the imagination. The kindergarten system was introduced, but this playing with cardboard and wicker seems to develop the child's manual dexterity without doing much for the mind. But Mme. Montessori insists on leaving the child—provided it behaves itself—pretty much to its own devices, and with the aid of a "didactic apparatus" it puzzles out things for itself. The teacher remains in the background, more or less passive. What is curious about this system is that mentally deficient children can be converted into sane ones, and set to compete with other children. Moreover, infants brought up on the Montessori system have what is rare in these days of self-assertion and priggishness, and that is, perfect manners.

**Mrs. Carlyle and the Cat.** I am beginning to change

my opinion about the merits and charms of Mrs. Carlyle since her letters on the subject of the Carlyle cat have been published. That she "nagged" the great man about his fluffy favourite is quite obvious, was petulant and ridiculous when he fed it—as men who care about cats invariably do—at the dinner-table, urging that the dining-room carpet in Cheyne Row was being spoiled by this practice. The lady admits that the said carpet was old and ugly, and "not worth having a row with one's Husband about," so why, the impartial critic asks, half-a-century later, did she do it? Here we probe the very depths of feminine human nature—or rather, of the old-fashioned kind of woman, who was determined to be tyrannous about trifles because she had no power, no outlet, no significance in larger things. Of course, poverty was at the bottom of Mrs. Carlyle's "cussedness"; she was a brilliant talker and still more wonderful letter-writer, and could, had she possessed the means and a sociable husband, have had a really big *salon* in London at that time. As it was, celebrities sat at her feet, and Leigh Hunt's famous poem "Jennie Kissed Me" is proof that she was not simply a blue-stocking, but highly attractive to men. It is a pathetic picture this, suddenly evoked out of the past, of the Sage of Chelsea and his pussy, and Mrs. Carlyle's savage phrase, "I wish she were dead!" It ended in the author of "Sartor Resartus" being deprived of the company of his cat at dinner, luncheon, or tea—all

in the interests of the dining-room carpet and of feminine tyranny. To a quiet person who likes an attendant cat on his shoulder, or sitting, comfortably purring, on a chair by his side, this situation is highly significant. It is the little things that matter in a household, and convince me more than ever that everyone, especially the sensitive person, should live in his own hut, and not essay family life.

**Has Woman Influence?**

A tradition has grown up that women have no Power, but nevertheless contrive to exercise a strange thing called Influence. This, I fancy, is true among the Upper Classes, but does "the Missus" of Mean Streets—although, it

is true, she is usually the purse-holder—wield this uncanny authority? I fancy that "influence" is mostly employed by highly cultivated and superior persons, or else by women of great beauty and charm, whom to contradict would, in masculine eyes, be sacrilege. In any case the thing is disquieting from the man's point of view, for he must occasionally realise that he is being "got at" by strange and devious ways. As Mr. Joseph Conrad puts it: "The part falling to women's share being all 'influence' has an air of occult and mysterious action, something not altogether trustworthy, like all natural forces." It is small wonder that men in general regard women as strange, complex, and incomprehensible beings, not to be spoken to—which is what they really desire—as man to man.

**Why "Nuts"?**

It is a curious thing that the word Girl is always, and in all ages, sufficiently attractive as a description of a Young Person, without inventing any of the quaint nicknames which youthful masculine humanity loves to bestow upon itself. In but a brief number of years we have had bucks, dandies, mashers, dudes, and now the quaint title of "nuts," which came from I know not where, nor why. The fact seems to be that the modish young man, dressed in the latest fashions of Savile Row and Bond Street, is extraordinarily self-conscious, much more so than the equally

well-turned-out young woman of his own age and class. He is so delighted with his own dazzling appearance—which lifts him into a sphere apart from the vulgar, dowdy herd of honest citizens struggling in the Twopenny Tube, and incidentally earning a living for their family—that he must even invent a special name for himself and his like which shall distinguish them as a strict caste, apart from their fellow-men. It is all amusing and naïve, and sits prettily enough on the slim, square shoulders of twenty-three or thereabouts. "Nuts" of rising forty somehow wear a more sinister aspect, and leave one wondering whether the "fashions" are not the prerogative of quite youthful persons of both sexes.



IN "TANGO" RED, TÊTE-DE-NÈGRE, AND ORANGE AND BLUE: THREE MODERN GRACES.

The left-hand costume is in Tango red velours-de-laine, with collar and cuffs of white fox. The centre figure wears a coat of tête-de-nègre Duvelyn, striped with yellow and with yellow fox-fur round the neck; the skirt and belt are carried out in a lighter shade of brown. The third figure is seen in the new long-waisted coat made of stamped velvet, in shades of orange and blue, laced over the shoulders with very dark blue, and trimmed with skunk. The skirt is of blue charmeuse.

## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 25.*

## POINTS OF INTEREST.

AFTER being rather quieter for a time, markets went ahead again at the end of the week. Consols improved to 77½ partly upon hopes of an early settlement of the Ulster question, although, at the moment, we fail to see any particular grounds for optimism in this direction.

Three very satisfactory dividend announcements on Friday imparted fresh vigour to the Home Railway section, and prices went ahead all through the list. The North-Eastern dividend was especially fine, the Deferred receiving at the rate of 8½ per cent. for the last half-year, making 7 per cent. for the year, against 6 per cent. for 1912. In addition to this, £300,000 is allocated to reserves, against £140,000 a-year ago, and the carry-forward is raised from £128,000 to £135,000. Great Western Ordinary has been a strong feature.

The Grand Trunk statement appeared on the same day, and showed that working costs are advancing in Canada, just as they are over here. The Third Preference have again to content themselves with 2½ per cent. for the year, which, although hardly up to the most optimistic expectations, must be considered satisfactory.

Among Foreign Railways, Antofagasta Deferred has been prominent owing to the Schröder deal, which, in our opinion, hardly justifies the recent advance. Brazil Rails, presumably for the same reason, have been sold.

In other directions, Electric Light issues and Trust Companies' stocks have been especially strong. Rubber shares have been more cheerful, owing to the improvement in the market for the raw article, and if this continues we are not unlikely to see more activity in this section in the near future.

## UNDERGROUND ELECTRIC RAILWAYS.

The reports of all the Companies forming part of this great combine are now available, and, if studied as a whole, they are certainly instructive. First of all, with regard to traffics, it is clear that the greatly improved facilities which are now offered to the travelling public by the Underground Railways have failed to increase the gross takings materially. The Metropolitan District, it is true, registered an advance of £18,900, but against this must be set a decline of £14,200 by the City and South London. The Central London and London Electric Companies together showed an increase of £5300 in gross receipts.

The London General Omnibus Company, however, increased its gross revenue by over half a million sterling—£515,000, to be exact—and we venture to think that it would be almost impossible to demonstrate more clearly than do these figures the dependence of the whole combine upon this one Company. Therefore, we make no apology for dealing chiefly with the Report and position of this latter concern.

The L.G.O. gross receipts amounted to £3,258,200, and of this slightly over 80 per cent. was absorbed by working expenses. Depreciation for buildings, etc., receives £16,600, and the reserve for renewals, which is practically depreciation of 'buses', receives £175,000. The question of depreciation of 'buses' is the crux of the position: if this amount is sufficient, then the Company is doing very well; but is it? £175,000 represents about 13 per cent. of the book-value of the fleet of 'buses', and compares with about 15 per cent. which was written off last year. This necessitates an average life of seven or eight years for a motor-'bus', which seems to us too long. We cannot help thinking, therefore, that it would have been better to increase the depreciation allowance, instead of raising the dividend to 18 per cent. The carry-forward, however, is £11,000 higher at £34,200.

Turning to the balance-sheet, nearly £600,000 is represented by intangible assets, such as goodwill, preliminary expenses, discount on Debentures, etc., and the position will be greatly strengthened when the directors can see their way to write down such items.

Taken together, the Reports of the five Companies in the combine do not entirely satisfy us.

## SELFRIDGE AND CO.

A white tulip in a little green bag: it really seemed as though half the people in Oxford Street were carrying one last week, and were consequently constituting themselves walking advertisements for Selfridge's. The scheme was eminently characteristic of this firm's methods—methods which are more than justified, if justification be needed, by the report which was issued a few days ago.

The net profit, before allowing for Debenture interest, is £131,500, an increase of £27,000, or more than 26 per cent., as compared with the results of the preceding period. This sum permits the directors to write £5000 off fixtures, fittings, etc., and £50,000 off preliminary expenses. This latter item originally amounted to about £123,000, and has now been reduced to £11,100. We can hardly call to mind any other case where preliminary expenses have been so liberally attended to.

The Ordinary shares receive a maiden dividend of 5 per cent., and the carry-forward is increased to £16,400.

In view of these figures and the steady expansion which they indicate, it is not surprising that the 6 per cent. Preference shares offered for sale by Mr. Selfridge the other day were over-subscribed, and are now quoted at about 6d. premium. The dividend on these shares is covered about four and a half times, and we consider them an exceedingly attractive Industrial holding.

The Debentures we have recommended for some time past, and in view of the small amount (£396,000) outstanding, and the redemption arrangements, they are fully worth their present quotation of 99. They are amply covered both as to security and interest, and carry four months' accrued interest in the price.

## HERE AND THERE.

A great many columns in the daily Press have of late been devoted to the affairs of Venezuelan Oil Concessions. Reports of meetings and speeches and banquets have been inserted alongside financial articles, and must have interested a large number of people. When it is remembered that some of these kind of insertions have to be paid for, the question naturally arises as to who is paying, and why? To our mind there is one obvious explanation in this and many similar cases. If we remember rightly, the chairman stated at the meeting that the shares are still a speculation, but a hopeful one. With the first part of this remark we unhesitatingly agree.

What a storm in a teacup was raised by Lord Claud Hamilton's speech on the selection of an American, Mr. H. W. Thornton, as General Manager of the Great Eastern Railway. Without in any way wishing to reflect upon either English general managers or their methods, we cannot help thinking that Mr. Thornton's appointment is one of the best things that could have happened both for the Company that has secured his services and for English railways in general. Mr. Thornton's qualifications are indisputable, and the introduction of new methods and new ideas cannot fail to be of benefit.

Renong Tin Dredging shares have risen from 1½ to over 3 since first we recommended them, but recent developments have more than justified this advance, and we expect to see the price still higher.

North Caucasians have been in better demand again during the last few days. At the time of writing no official announcement has been issued; but we understand that a new well has commenced to produce upon a hitherto unproved portion of the Company's new property.

When we recommended Barry Deferred about eleven months ago, the price was 89. The present quotation is 98, and as the undivided Ordinary stock has received a dividend of 10 per cent. for last year, giving 6 per cent. to the Deferred stock, even the current figure does not seem excessive.

The position of the Mexican Railway does not improve. In spite of the increased traffics of last year, we doubt whether even the First Preference dividend was earned. The January traffic figures are lower than last year's.

Saturday, Feb. 14, 1914.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

F. H. (Ealing).—Great Britain's credit is better than that of any other nation, but, for practical purposes, we don't think you need worry about the difference.

P. S. W.—We have answered you by post.

AYRSHIRE.—We think you are mistaken. We have never recommended the shares you mention, and think very poorly of them. If, however, you hold them at a very much higher price, there seems little to be gained by selling at present.

KINGSTON.—(1) Egyptian Salt and Soda, International Railway of Central America Preference, or Dorada Extension should suit you. (2) Not so far as we know.

REPUBLIC.—It all depends upon the progress of the scheme of re-arrangement, about which we have no recent information. It would be so speculative that we hesitate to advise. We were more anxious to advise a sale last August than a purchase to-day.

F. A. G.—We have failed to get any information as to the progress of the negotiations, which seem to be hanging fire; but it is understood that last year's results will show some improvement.

BOLUS.—We believe the management is quite straightforward; but, nevertheless, feel that you could do better with your money than by buying more shares.

CAREFUL.—Quite a sound investment. The dividends are paid by warrants, which are posted to holders of the Debentures.

D. McM.—The Company is in good hands and well managed. We should hold.



## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

### In Gold and Gorgeous.

The Queen wore a wonderful gold gown at the opening of Parliament. It was of Indian embroidery in finest real gold thread on satin. Included in the design were charming touches of pale colour—pink and green and mauve and blue, blended as only Orientals can blend colours with gold. There was also a trimming of very beautiful embroidery in the same hues, and a trimming of sable fur. The dress once before saw the light, and on that occasion no less a person than the great War Lord was moved to say that it was no mere dress, but a great creation. It was worn by the Queen at the wedding of the Kaiser's daughter, and was doubtless remodelled for last week's ceremony. Having caused a sensation in such an august quarter as the great Kaiser's mind, it will be longer than usual before it becomes one of her Majesty's dear dead dresses. Queens seldom appear on important occasions more than three times in the same dress. Queen Victoria Eugénie of Spain, it is said, makes two the limit. Queen Alexandra wore the same day dress oftener than most Queens, but her State dresses were seldom seen more than twice.



ENGAGED TO MR. PHILIP LOWRY GAUSSEN : MISS MAISIE S. McBAIN.

Miss Maisie Sievwright McBain is the daughter of Mr. R. S. F. McBain, of 1, Lygon Place, and Shanghai. Mr. P. L. Gausson is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Casamajor Gausson, of Howlands, Hatfield. He is in the Shanghai - Nanking Railway.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

umbrella. Pleats are held in some indescribable way out from the waist; thence they taper down towards the feet, which represent the handle of the inverted broly. The bodice was draped across, giving a floppy effect, but it was very pretty. The skirt moved me to audible smiles at first, but in a minute or two I had caught the style in it. It would, of course, need to be very well worn.

### Draped Over Trousers.

The trousered lady of whom I have read, and on whose picture I have gazed with awe—said to have been taken as she sat in the Park—is, I believe, likely to be for some time confined to futurist and fancy-dress-ball assemblies. Why, if members of our sex want to wear trousers, they should do so in such a half-hearted way as the lady in the photograph I cannot think. They evidently would not be arrested, as they do so whole-heartedly at the Albert Hall and Covent Garden. Trousers are convenient, and doubtless comfortable, garments; but their ugliness is undeniable, even on mankind. What it would be on the short of us I shudder to think; on the long of us I have seen trouser-like effects in dress that I have thought most ungraceful. These garments are like a nightmare to a poor sculptor if he has to reproduce them in marble, and cause portrait-painters restless nights if they have to be painted, so why women should wear

them "especially creased in front," unless they desire to appear freaks, is a mystery.

### An Exchange of Statesmen.

Thishas nothing to do with a much-discussed General Election; it is the exchange contemplated by Lady (Arthur) Paget of a statue of our great Pitt for New York, and of a statue of America's great Lincoln for London. Lady Paget is getting together a sum of money to defray the cost of the Pitt statue, which, she is assured by President Wilson, will be received with pleasure. In return, she is urging American friends to activity in sending a statue of Lincoln over here. Everyone who knows the lady with whom this good-fellow-

ship idea has originated knows also that she will bring it to

a successful issue. There are people who would like to see General Botha in the flesh over here instead of some statesmen of our own home rearing. That exchange, however, would not be effected in any good-fellowship, I am afraid—our politics are not precisely lamb-like!

### The Coming of the Great Danes.

Their Majesties King Christian and Queen Alexandrine of Denmark will receive a warm welcome here when they visit us this season, not only on their own account, as a popular Ruler and his Consort, but because of the relationship to Queen Alexandra, the great, good gift that we received from Denmark in the past. King Christian has been here many a time, but never as King. He is tall, broad-shouldered, soldierly, with a pair of frank, honest-looking grey-blue eyes, and a well-set head; most people are familiar with his appearance. The Queen, who is the sister of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and of the Crown Princess of Germany, has not become familiar to us. She will, I believe, pay her first visit as a Queen. Her mother, the Grand Duchess Anastasia of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, is a sister of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, who, with his wife, Countess Torby and their children, have for so long made their home over here. The Grand Duchess was a first-class tennis-player; she is still fond of the game, and is a good golfer and croquet-player. Their Danish Majesties were married at Cannes sixteen years ago next April. They have two sons—the Crown Prince Frederick and Prince Knud.

Winter-sporters in particular and holiday-makers in general should note that the 1914 edition of the "Engadine Year Book" (Siegle; 2s. 6d.) is now on sale. It describes itself, poetically, on the cover as "A record of the sports. A guide to the resorts." The book is well illustrated, and has an interesting introduction by the editor, Mr. W. W. Barton.

In "The Stage Year Book" for 1914 (The Stage Offices; 1s. net) there is an interesting article on "The Portraits of Shakespeare," by Mr. Austin Brereton, admirably illustrated in photogravure. These and the numerous other illustrations make the book an extraordinarily cheap shilling's-worth, quite apart from its value as a work of reference.



PRESENTED AT COURT LAST WEEK: MISS ISABEL BONAR LAW, DAUGHTER OF THE LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION.

Miss Isabel Bonar Law, who is eighteen, was presented at the first Court of the season, for the reception of the official and diplomatic circles, held at Buckingham Palace last Friday. Her mother, who before her marriage to Mr. Bonar Law, in 1891, was Miss Annie Robley, died in 1909. Miss Bonar Law has one sister and four brothers.—[Photograph by C.N.]



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN J. C. MONTEITH: MISS JANE WILSON.

Miss Wilson is the elder daughter of Sir John Wilson, Bt., of Airdrie, Lanarkshire, formerly M.P. for Falkirk. Captain Monteith is the eldest son of the late Rev. John Monteith, of Glencairn, Dumfriesshire. He is in the Bedfordshire Regiment, and is Adjutant of the Glasgow University Officers' Training Corps.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY MR. HERBERT GIBBS ON THE 21ST: MISS CONSTANCE DOUGHTY-WALKER.

Miss Constance Doughty-Walker is the elder daughter of Mrs. Doughty-Walker, of Hornton Court, Kensington. Mr. Herbert Gibbs is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. James Gibbs, of Carshalton, Surrey.

Photograph by Rika Martin.

## NOTES FROM THE OPERA HOUSE.

INTEREST in "Parsifal" continues unabated in all parts of Covent Garden save the gallery, where the early enthusiasm has slackened. This is remarkable, for the gallery at our opera-house is generally filled to the full with music-lovers; and the charge of four shillings for a numbered seat to see a performance that has demanded so much talent, time, and money cannot be deemed excessive. Perhaps the need to be in place before five o'clock in the afternoon is the trouble. The more expensive seats remain in great demand.

Certainly the management has contrived very cleverly to preserve the atmosphere in which alone "Parsifal" can remain impressive. Comparison with the surroundings of Bayreuth shows how difficult it must be to get the audience into a proper frame of mind; but however hard the task, it stands accomplished. If the performance fell below the highest standard, the descent from the sublime to the ridiculous would be accomplished speedily. It is easy, perhaps, to shut out all thoughts of the world beyond when the lights are low and the overture begins; and once the opera is on its way, the combination of novelty with beauty and mysticism will go far. But the dinner-hour between the first and second acts is a serious trial; it is, one is inclined to think, a mistake. To leave the theatre, seek a restaurant, make a more or less hurried meal, and return through rather uninviting streets to the Opera House is to lose something—perhaps, a great part—of the spell that Wagner's work has cast. The theatre has been well aired during the interval, and this shall be accounted to the management for righteousness; the opening of the second act is profoundly impressive, and this, too, helps. On the other hand, things external have to be forgotten for the second time; a hurried meal may have made for indigestion; an ample one demands the service of blood that would else be aiding the brain. Attention is relaxed. If there were no interval for dinner; if Gurnemann were firmly, but judiciously, sub-edited, and if certain scenes now too long-drawn out were cut down, "Parsifal" could begin at 7.30, and end at 11.30, and there would be far more concentration than is possible now. If, as is likely, Nikisch directs some performances of "Parsifal" in Grand Season, it is to be hoped that the experiment of a performance without long intervals will be tried. In the case of "The Ring" operas, there is a certain excuse for dinner-intervals, because the cycle takes four days to accomplish, and it is seldom convenient to give these performances in succession. At the same time, some of us are probably sufficiently barbarian and unabashed to hope that the time will come when Wotan's excesses will be curtailed.

He is always most effective when brief. If he could be dealt with, it would be possible to play even "Siegfried" right through without intervals for meals. If Wagner had not been his own librettist, he would have been quick to see the weakness of his later operas, and it is not a discriminating intelligence that holds as sacred every utterance of a great man. When an enthusiast for Beethoven declares that all the nine symphonies are equally beautiful or valuable, we know that zeal has replaced the critical faculty; and equally when people declare that every passage in the "Ring" operas and "Parsifal" must be given intact, there is reason to doubt their judgment. The less interesting passages in any art work are always within the student's reach, but the average man does not set himself so high a standard. He goes to the opera for enjoyment, not for the performance of a sacred duty. If the wild-eyed folk who refuse to applaud would only consider the ease of their weaker and more human brethren, the reform would be easy.

Mr. Albert Coates, the new Wagnerian conductor at Covent Garden, who made such a favourable début in "Tristan," is in charge of the Imperial Opera House of his native city, St. Petersburg. Mr. Coates studied at the Leipzig Conservatoire under Nikisch, who has the very highest opinion of his abilities; and he has been the colleague, at Mannheim, of M. Bodanzky, who is now conducting "Parsifal," so that the two musicians meet in England, as they met in Germany. Mr. Coates has conducted opera in Dresden, and is a favourite with the music-loving audiences of St. Petersburg. He has studied the piano under Mme. Carreño, is a skilled 'cellist, and, in short, is a man of extraordinary attainments, still young enough to go as far as the interpretation of music can carry anyone. Students of music will note the fine results of transplanting. Mr. Albert Coates is presumably an Englishman, and, brought up amid the best musical associations of the Continent, he has achieved European celebrity. There are other men, and at least one woman, who have expanded on the Continent at a pace and in a fashion that seems impossible over here. Nobody can explain, nobody can deny, and the fact remains. By the way, the Isolde of Mme. Eva von der Osten is an extremely fine performance, and the revival of "Tristan" has been remarkable for beautiful singing and effective acting.

Herr Paul Bender, who will be singing the music of Hans Sachs in the revival of "Die Meistersinger" at Covent Garden this week, is said to be one of the finest living exponents of the part. It will be interesting to see if he can capture the allegiance that has been given by the London opera-goer to Anton van Rooy, whose impersonation of the cobbler poet has made so many performances of "Die Meistersinger" memorable.

B.

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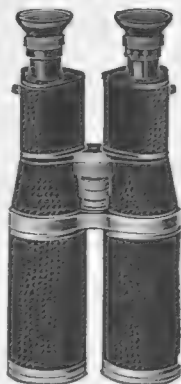
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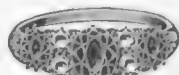
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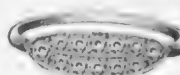
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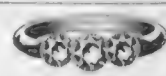
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## CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Home Rule for the Isle of Penguins; "The Tyranny of Tears," at the Comedy; "Whiskered" Woman; A "Dwarf" Terrier in a Grog-Glass; A Street in Westport; Mr. Heinrich Hensel in "Parsifal"; Miss Phyllis Dare; Miss Martha Hedman; Miss Irene Vanbrugh; Mr. Harry Tate.



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February 18, 1914. Signature.....

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3 Large White Enamelled Bedroom Suites	8	15	0
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1 Very Elegant White Enamelled ditto, with 6 ft. 6 in. Wardrobe	18	18	0
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2 Choice Double Sheraton Bedsteads to match	2	15	0
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2 Costly Large Sheraton Design Bedroom Suite, with 6 ft. Wardrobe	22	10	0
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Jacobean Design Carved Oak Cupboard, 4 ft. wide	8	15	0
Jacobean Design Carved Oak Settee, 3 ft. 6 in. wide	2	3	0
Magnificent Carved Welsh Dresser, 5 ft. wide	9	9	0
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FINE COLLECTION OF OLD DUTCH MARQUETTERIE INLAIN FURNITURE, in perfect preservation, including Cabinets, Writing Bureaus, Centre and Side Tables, Small and Arm Chairs, etc., etc. Would suit Connoisseur.	25	0	0
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The Costly Bronze and Marble Clock, and 2 Side Pieces, with Rich Ormolu Mounts	7	7	0
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Oval Extending Queen Anne Design Dining Table, with Extra Leaf	4	10	0
Splendid Queen Anne Design Set of 2 Carving Chairs and 6 Small Chairs, all with Upholstered Panelled Seat and Shaped Legs, very fine finish	7	15	0
5 ft. Marble Queen Anne Design Sideboard	8	17	6
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Overmantel, fitted Bevelled Plate, Solid Oak	1	10	0
The Very Fine Hepplewhite Design Mahogany Sideboard	10	10	0

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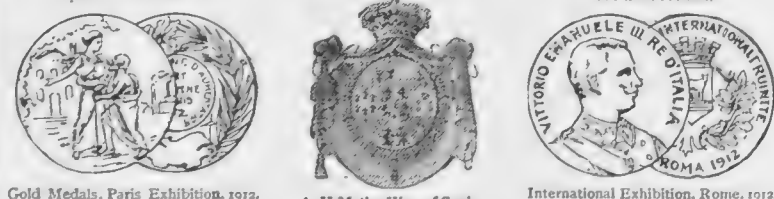
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Louis XIV. design Ladies' Writing Escripatoire, Leather top	1	15	0
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Carved and Gilt Centre Table, Italian Marble Top	4	15	0
6 Louis XIV. Gilt Cane Seat Occasional Chairs	0	18	6
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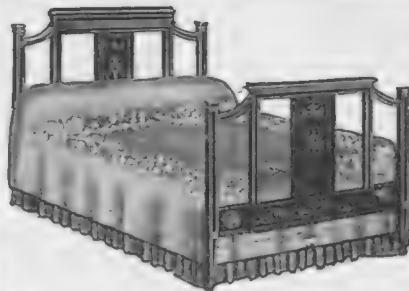


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From a Sketch by Mr. J. F. STACKHOUSE.

I herewith enclose you order for Oxo for use on the above Expedition.

I may mention that I have gone very exhaustively into the question of concentrated beef foods, using not only my own knowledge of the matter but being assisted by published results of other Antarctic Explorers, these having proved beyond doubt that Oxo is the best article of its kind, I have decided to rely on it exclusively.

Yours faithfully,

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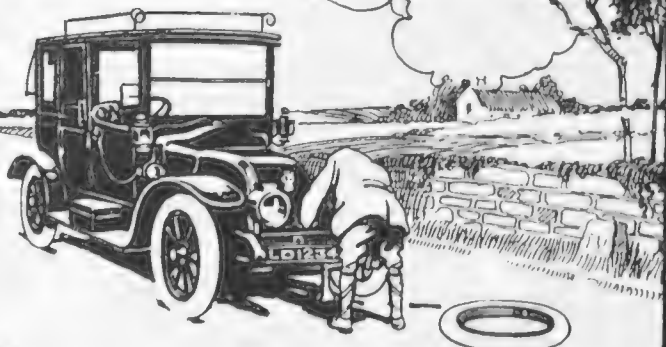
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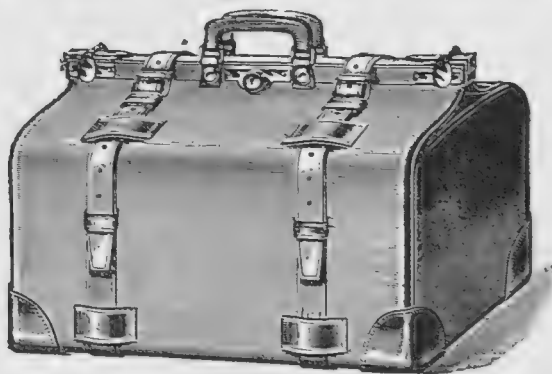
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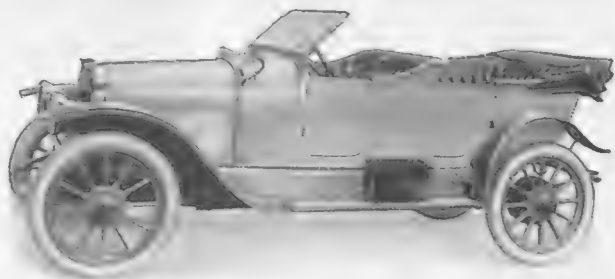
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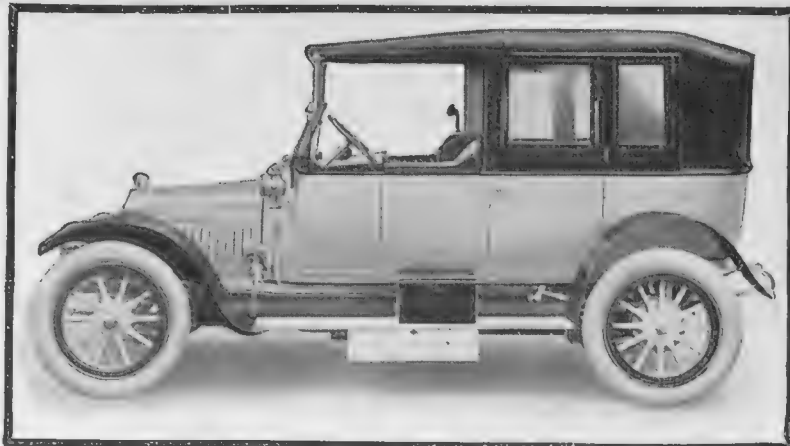
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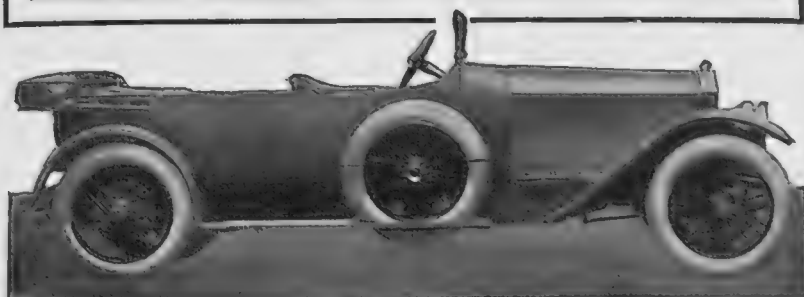
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The Celebrated Comedy  
Actress.

Every woman should take pride in her personal appearance. If it is not possible to be beautiful in the fullest sense of the word, at least you can have the attractiveness of a pleasant expression, glossy, well-kept hair, eyes shaded by long lashes, well-marked eye-brows and a clear, natural complexion. My first advice is to avoid most manufactured "beauty preparations." Use simple, pure, natural ingredients. Use these regularly and do not make constant changes and experiments. The various things I use and advise can be bought in original packages from any reliable chemist. If they are not in stock he can at once procure them from his wholesaler if you insist.

### How I Discarded an Unsightly Complexion.

How many women exclaim, as they behold their ugly complexion in the mirror, "If I only could tear off this old skin!" and, do you know, it is now possible to do that very thing? Not to actually remove the entire skin all of a sudden: that would be too heroic a method and painful, *own*, I imagine. The worn-out cuticle comes off in such tiny particles, and so gradually—requiring about ten days to complete the transformation—it doesn't hurt a bit. Day by day the beautiful complexion underneath comes forth. Marvellous! No matter how muddy, rough, blotchy, or aged your complexion, you can surely discard it by this simple process. Just get some ordinary mercerized wax at your chemist's, apply nightly like cold cream, washing it off in the mornings.

### New Painless Way to Remove Hairy Growths.

It now transpires that the mysterious white paste used so successfully by many beauty specialists for ridding the skin of objectionable hairy growths is nothing more than powdered pheninol which can be found in any chemist's shop. With pheninol and water make enough paste to cover hairy surface; apply, and in two or three minutes rub off, wash the skin, and it will be free from hair or blemish.

### Shampoo and Hair Beautifier.

You complain of brittle, faded hair. You will find that keeping the scalp clean and healthy is the most effective way to restore the natural beauty and softness, but in selecting your shampoo avoid soaps or mixtures containing "free" alkali. By dissolving a teaspoonful of stallax in a cup of hot water you will have a mild, soothing, cleansing mixture that makes the head feel fine and removes all dust, dandruff and excess of oil, leaving the scalp clean and pliant, and assuring a beautiful growth of long lustrous, fluffy hair.

### No Powder Necessary.

Yes, powder, has ruined more complexions than it has aided, and while you use it you can hope for nothing better than an imitation of a real complexion. Take my advice. Get from your chemist some ordinary clemite and dissolve in a little water, then you will have an ideal yet inexpensive lotion which seems a part of the skin. The result lasts all day long even under the most trying conditions. To prepare the face and neck for an evening in a hot ball-room there is nothing to equal this simple and harmless lotion.

### If Eyelashes are Short.

Eyelashes will be greatly beautified if mennaline be applied at lash-roots with thumb and forefinger. A few such treatments make them grow long, silky, and curly. Thin, straggly eyebrows will grow thick and lustrous by merely rubbing mennaline on, but be careful, and don't get any where no hair is wanted.

### Wonderful Growth of Hair.

Long ago I made a resolution to try and concoct a real hair-grower. My own formula, now perfected after tedious experimenting, has had the effect of giving me a wealth of hair that is surprising. Obtain from your chemist an original package of boranium and mix with this 1/2-pint of bay rum. Rub this into the scalp night and morning with the finger tips. It sets the hair roots tingling with new life.

# BENGER'S

**"Digestive Rest."**

When it is necessary and how it is best obtained.

A time for digestive rest comes to every one—after dietary indiscretions, during digestive derangement—during the strain of student, business or social life—during illness and in advanced old age.

Digestive rest, with complete bodily nourishment, is a sure way to better health.

Benger's Food is supreme in providing digestive rest, with full bodily nutrition.

While it is being prepared with fresh new milk, the digestive principles in Benger's become active, partially digesting both the milk and the Food. The dainty, delicious and highly nutritive cream thus formed is rich in all the food elements necessary to sustain life and restore health.

Benger's Food is sold by Chemists, &c., everywhere. All who feel the necessity of Digestive Rest should write for our Booklet, "Benger's Food and how to use it," post free from:

**BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., Manchester.**

BRANCH OFFICES:  
New York U.S.A., 92, William Street.  
Sydney (N.S.W.), 117, Pitt Street.  
Canadian Agents: National Drug and Chemical Co., Ltd., 34, St. Gabriel Street, MONTREAL, and branches throughout Canada.

193

# VICHY-CÉLESTINS

## The Best Table Water

for disorders of the

# LIVER

## Gout, Gravel, Diabetes, Rheumatism

and all ailments arising from Uric Acid.

CAUTION.—See that each bottle has a neck label with "VICHY - ETAT" and the name of the Sole Agents.

INGRAM & ROYLE, LTD., LONDON, LIVERPOOL and BRISTOL.

At all Hotels, Chemists, Stores, &c.

## THE NATURAL MINERAL WATER.

# The Great SKIN-CURE.

# Zam-Buk

## EVERYBODY NEEDS IT!



## Colour

Art cannot imitate the lovely colouring which Nature gives to every woman's skin. If you have lost colour it is evident your complexion needs the help of POND'S Vanishing Cream.

This daintiest and purest of all toilet preparations keeps the skin in health and beauty in all weathers, protecting it against wintry frosts and winds, freeing it from blemishes, and restoring Nature's own delicate colouring.

For these reasons the morning-and-evening use of Pond's Vanishing Cream is unquestionably the most effective (as well as the simplest) beauty treatment.

Pond's Vanishing Cream is quite free from grease or stickiness, and never shows on the face after use. No massage is required—just the gentlest application with the finger-tips.

The Cream "vanishes" by absorption into the pores—leaving the skin delightfully perfumed with the fragrance of Jacqueminot roses.

Striking evidence of the efficacy of Pond's Vanishing Cream is supplied by its popularity amongst Stage and Society leaders, including Pavlova, Tetrassini, Madame Kirkby Lunn, Madame Emmy Destinn, Miss Neilson Terry, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Miss Constance Collier, &c.

Sample Tube for 1d. stamp.

All first-class Chemists sell the genuine POND'S Vanishing Cream in 1/- Tubes, and in handsome Opal Jars at 1/- and 2/-.

POND'S EXTRACT CO. (Dept. 86),  
71, Southampton Row, London, W.C.

Accept NO substitute for Pond's Vanishing Cream—a unique product manufactured solely by Pond's Extract Co.—proprietors of the world-famous POND'S VANILIN.

463

# Pond's Vanishing Cream



## A 6½d. TOBACCO

TO VIE WITH HALF-CROWN CIGARS

CONNOISSEURS know that Cigars worth a shilling or half-a-crown apiece have smooth richness of flavour and delicious aroma because their leaf is grown in some special plantation. The soil, enriched by generations of care, can produce tobacco of quality that ordinary plantations cannot grow.



IS A CONNOISSEUR'S TOBACCO

It comes from plantations that have been carefully chosen and reserved to produce this special growth—the very best and most refined pipe tobacco that has ever been found.

"B. D. V. DE LUXE": 6½d. per oz. tin.  
2 ounces 1/1,                      ½ lb. tins 2/2.

If any difficulty in obtaining, send 7½d. for sample or  
2/3 for ½ lb. tin to

GODFREY PHILLIPS Ltd.,  
48, Dover Street, Piccadilly, London, W.



J. C. VICKERY.

179-181-183  
REGENT ST.  
LONDON  
W.

*Their Majesties Jeweller,  
Silversmith & Dressing Case  
Manufacturer.*

Cigarette Cases  
for Ladies and  
Gentlemen,  
in Gold, Silver,  
Fine Leather.



No. v 724.  
Combined Solid Gold Cigarette  
Case with Powder Puff and Mirror, and Gold Chain  
Handle.  
Exceptional Value, only £7 10s.

EXACT SIZE.

Extension  
of Premises.

REDUCTIONS  
FOR CASH.

Previous to com-  
mencing alterations,  
J. C. Vickery is  
offering

LARGE DISCOUNTS  
OFF ADVERTISED  
PRICES ON ALL  
PURCHASES FOR  
CASH

DURING FEBRUARY  
ORDER NOW AND  
SECURE GOOD  
CASH REDUCTION.



## THE ADVANTAGES OF GAS SERVICE.

THE Gas Fire gives reliable and silent heat which can be regulated at will; causes neither dirt nor smoke, and entails no labour. Gas water-heaters supply thoroughly hot water—whether for professional or domestic use—without the least worry or delay; Gas Cookers are capable of exact regulation to ensure perfect cooking, and are invaluable under circumstances of sickness or convalescence, reducing labour to a minimum; Gas Light is effective but restful, acting as a germicide, and assisting ventilation.

## "COOKING." By G. A. S.

is a "Kitchen Bradshaw," a guide to mistress and maid alike. Post free 1/2 from the British Commercial Gas Association, 47, Victoria Street, London, S.W.



# Let Others Speak For Us.

## WHAT THE DOCTORS SAY.

Ordinarily the one word



Matchless for the Complexion.

The Ideal of Perfection.

Safe for the Tenderest Skin.

expresses in the fullest meaning the perfection of toilet soap production. This fact is borne out in many ways, and notably in the testimony which during its history of 125 years, men and women of fame and authority—Doctors, Analysts and others—have given to it. Occasionally we praise PEARS ourselves, but the opinions here given will show that when we do indulge in the luxury

Our Word is amply supported by the highest independent authority.

Selection from a countless number of Testimonials:—

**Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S.,**

late President of the Royal College of Surgeons and Professor of Dermatology, wrote:—

"PEARS' SOAP is calculated to preserve the skin in health and maintain its tone and complexion."

**Dr. Redwood, Ph.D., F.I.C., F.C.S.,**

late Professor of Chemistry and Pharmacy to the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, wrote:—

"I have never come across another toilet soap which so closely realises my ideal of perfection."

**Prof. Sir Charles Cameron, C.B., M.D.,**

S.Sc. Camb. Univ. Professor of Chemistry and Hygiene, R. Coll. Surgeons, Ireland, etc.:—

"I find it remarkably good—prepared from pure materials, combined in the proper proportions. It may be safely used upon the skin of the tenderest infant."

**PEARS** IS SOLD IN ONE QUALITY AND FOUR STYLES, viz:—

RETAIL PRICE.		RETAIL PRICE.		RETAIL PRICE.	
The Popular Unscented Tablet for everyday use	6d.	The same soap beautifully Scented and Larger Tablets	1/- & 1/6	A large Tablet, fully Scented with Otto of Roses	2/6

\* \* Pears' Soap incorporated with Glycerine (known as Pears' Transparent Glycerine Soap) 2/- per box containing 3 Tablets.




**The Happy Baby**

Baby takes to Savory and Moore's Food at once and thrives on it amazingly. Mothers may have every confidence in bringing up their children on this old established, reliable Food that has been used for so many years by all classes of the community with such excellent results.

Send 3d. for postage of Special Trial Tin to Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, New Bond Street, London.

**SAVORY & MOORE'S FOOD**



**A New Charm.**

Women and Girls who regularly use Icilma Hair Powder have always bright

**Attractive Hair.**

This wonderful dry shampoo—when lightly sprinkled over the hair and brushed out with a stiff brush—brings away the dust and grease just as tea-leaves bring the dirt from the carpet. The powder comes away quite easily, leaving the hair beautifully clean and full of "life," free from grease, and light, bright and attractive. The simple process only takes a few minutes and the hair can be done up immediately. No wetting is required—just a little powder and a vigorous brushing, that's all.

**Icilma Hair Powder**

(For Dry Shampoo.)

2d. per packet; 7 packets, 1/-; Large Box, 1/6 Everywhere. Icilma is pronounced Eye-Silma.

**Test it Free.** A Free Full-size Packet, together with a valuable book on the care of the hair, skin, teeth, &c., will be sent to any address on receipt of a postcard. Icilma Company, Ltd. (Dept. 22), 39, King's Road, St. Pancras, London, N.W.



# 96 out of 100 Dyspeptics have ACID STOMACHS

If you are troubled with acidity and food fermentation you do not get proper nourishment from your food. The acid condition must be corrected if good health is to be maintained.

Neutralise the acid-forming elements in your daily food, prevent food fermentation, and preserve your good digestion and general health by using the one efficient but harmless antacid,

## Bisurated Magnesia

Acid stomachs are dangerous to the general health, and if you wish to keep well you must prevent the contents of the stomach from becoming acid and ensure their remaining perfectly sweet and bland. Scientific tests show that in 96 times out of a 100 where people are dosing and drugging themselves for indigestion, dyspepsia, etc., the stomach itself is perfectly healthy and normal, the pain and discomfort arising solely from the acidity and food fermentation. This condition is unnatural and therefore dangerous. You must correct the acid-forming tendency in the food you eat, or it will turn the food acid in the stomach and cause it to ferment before it is digested; thus robbing your body of proper nourishment. Good health could not possibly be maintained for any length of time under such conditions.

Until recently, physicians have always recommended a diet, but to be effective this must be so limited that the average

person finds it impracticable. The pleasantest, most efficient, and most natural way to correct the acid-forming elements in the food, neutralise the acidity, and prevent food fermentation, is to take Bisurated Magnesia, the great food corrective.

All that you need to do is to take half a teaspoonful in a quarter glass of warm or cold water—or two or three Bisurated Magnesia tablets—after each meal and at bedtime. It will correct all fermentation and quickly neutralise the acid-forming tendency of the most indigestible foods. You will be able to enjoy the heartiest meal without fear of the slightest inconvenience. The Bisurated Magnesia will keep the food sweet and wholesome until it has properly digested and assimilated, and ensure your deriving full nourishment from everything you eat.

If you would ensure good digestion always carry a bottle of Bisurated Magnesia about with you. It is obtainable from any chemist at the following prices:

Powder Form ..	1/9 and 2/9 per bottle.
Mint Flavoured Tablets ..	1/1 and 2/1 in bottles (holding 60 and 150 tablets respectively).
Effervescent Tablets ..	3/9 per box (holding 60 large tablets).

### Beware of Imitations.

The remarkable merits and great popularity of Bisurated Magnesia have led to the offering of many substitutes similar in name but absolutely lacking in its peculiarly valuable properties. Do not experiment at the expense of your stomach. Protect your stomach and your health by demanding Bisurated Magnesia. Be sure that the name on the label is spelled

**B-I-S-U-R-A-T-E-D.**

If you cannot get the genuine article from your chemist it will be sent to you, post free on receipt of price by the manufacturers,

**TOKALON LIMITED,**

Tokalon House,  
212/214 Great Portland Street, LONDON, W.

### For general use

The "Allenburys" Diet is a complete and easily digested Food. It is pleasant to take, readily assimilated and speedily restorative. Whilst helping the system to recover its tone and vigour, it forms an ideal food for general use. Prepared from rich milk and whole wheat in a partially predigested form. **Made in a minute—add boiling water only.**

Of  
Chemists,  
1/6 & 3/-  
per tin



Large  
Sample  
sent for  
3d. stamps

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., Lombard Street, E.C.

### Copies of Paris Model Blouses.

Made in our own work-rooms, and copied and adapted from the most exclusive models produced by Doucet, Drecoll, and other famous Paris houses.

Dainty Blouse Copy of "Lanvin" model in fine net, with real Valenciennes and Point Paris lace entirely hand made.

Price **98/6**

Also in imitation laces,

Price **35/9**

**Debenham & Freebody**

Wigmore Street.  
(Cavendish Square) London, W.

Famous for over a Century  
for Taste, for Quality, for Value



# BEDFORD

FOR

## TOWN & COUNTRY

"Luxurious  
economy"

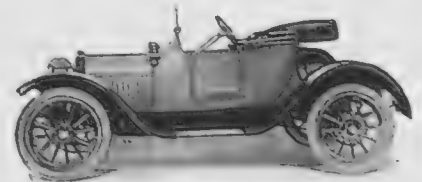
For country tours or for business in town, Bedford-Buick cars are unequalled. The ability of the Buick chassis, its unfailing reliability and power, guarantee that wealth of pleasure which makes country motoring worth while. The elegance and distinctiveness of Bedford coachwork leave no room for doubt of the suitability of Bedford-Buick cars for social and business use in town. Over 150,000—all enthusiasts.

MODELS: 15-18 h.p.—18-22 h.p.

PRICES - - - £225 - £400

ALL COMPLETE

with hood, screen, five lamps, speedometer, two plain and two steel-studded Michelin tyres on detachable rims, jack, tyre pump, horn, tools, and tyre carrier. Right-hand control. Bosch Magneto, Zenith Carburetter. NO EXTRAS.



15-18 h.p. Buick Model 2-seater, £225.

GENERAL MOTORS (Europe) LIMITED

Bedford House, 135-137, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Telegrams: "Buickgen, London." Telephone: 9626 Gerrard (3 lines)

# Buick

## THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

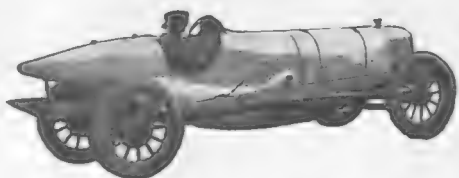
THE new Gaiety piece was received with great favour, and really, so far as I can judge, "After the Girl" is quite as entertaining as any of its predecessors. There had been gloomy prophecies that disaster would come in consequence of the absence of the usual Gaiety favourites; but the new troupe, on the whole, seemed as acceptable as the group of its predecessors: another instance of the general law that no man is essential—a law humiliating to great people, but comforting to small. The term on the programme, "Revisical Comedy," indicates, no doubt, that the piece written and composed by Mr. Rubens has less plot and form than most Gaiety pieces, but I am not quite sure that this is really the case, and nobody cares. The scheme serves very well for the songs, dances, scenery, and frocks which, with comic business, make up the customary entertainment. At present the comic business is rather weak, and the dialogue hardly up to standard—a fault easily remedied; despite this, the play rattled along to an accompaniment of hearty applause. Miss Isobel Elsom made quite a "hit" as the heroine; she sings prettily, dances with remarkable grace, and has some idea of acting. There is another promising young lady, Miss Maggie Jarvis, who deserved a bigger part. Miss Mabel Sealby sings and dances smartly as the soubrette. Of course, the house took Mlle. Caumont to its heart and roared at her comicalities; Miss Muriel Hudson and Mme. Bonita won rounds of applause. Mr. Joseph Coyne must look to his laurels, for a newcomer, Mr. Clifton Crawford, resembles him startlingly and sings a great deal better. Mr. Lew Hearn, of course, resembles nobody and nothing except himself; his quaint funniments were received with great favour. Mr. William Stephens, the low-comedian, sang some songs excellently, but on the first night seemed too anxious to follow the Teddy Payne tradition. Language, of course, is quite inadequate to give any idea of the splendour of the scenery and gorgeousness of the dresses; but I ought to add that Mr. Rubens's music is bright and engaging, even if he avoids running the risk of puzzling the audience by originality.

"The Melting Pot," Mr. Zangwill's powerful and interesting play, which was produced a short time ago by the Play Actors, has been given an opportunity of appealing to a wider audience at the Queen's, with the difference that the leading part of the young enthusiast, David Quixano, is now played by Mr. Walker Whiteside. Mr. Whiteside is the actor who is identified with this character in the successful run of the play in America, and he certainly gives a very remarkable performance, and one which rivets the attention

from the beginning to the end of the play. His touch of a foreign accent, his slightly melodramatic mannerisms, and the picturesqueness of the language which Mr. Zangwill has put into his mouth are all perfectly in keeping with the character as the author has conceived it: the character of a young Jew, advanced in his opinions so far as the religion of his race is concerned, and moulded by his experiences of a Russian pogrom into something quite different from any normal man. It is a strikingly fine performance, but it does not stand alone. Mr. Sass and Mr. Clifton Alderson contribute character-studies of rare excellence; and the enthusiasm of the audience on the first night gave ground for hope that the appeal of the play would prove almost as strong in this country as it has been in America.

Miss Marie Tempest is not accustomed to the lukewarm applause with which "Thank Your Ladyship" was received at the Playhouse. And yet before the play was half over it was easy to see that the basis of its humour did not appeal to some of the audience. Mr. Connell has written funny things in his play, but has not had the right touch for the difficult subject. The courtship by a thirty-nine-year-old Earl's daughter of one of her father's footmen, unless handled very nicely, was certain to make some people "squirm," and unfortunately the tone adopted was by no means the ideal. The result is that, although there was a good deal of laughter at the outrageously farcical scenes connected with a "revisical" Earl, who had a mania about Mr. Lloyd George, much of the piece falls flat. The Earl was acted delightfully by Mr. O. B. Clarence. Mr. Ben Webster played extremely well as a mercenary Peer, courting the heroine for her money, and used partially as a foil for the virtue of the footman-hero, very well acted by Mr. Graham Browne. Miss Marie Tempest wore some amazing gowns, which some people thought did not suit her, and performed the part of the amorous maid with all her usual skill.

Advertisement, as the War Office has discovered, is a fine art—or rather, a skilled science. Those who advertise largely have long known the value of "The Advertiser's A B C" (T. B. Browne; 10s. 6d.), of which the 1914 edition has now appeared. Besides detailed directories of newspapers and periodicals, British and foreign, it gives innumerable ideas for display advertisements in the form of specimens reproduced, many in colour. There is also a section devoted to the works of posterdom, and some interesting articles, especially one by Mr. L. G. Chiozza Money, M.P., on the future of British trade.



THE  
ONE-HOUR  
RECORD  
CAR.

**107.95 MILES  
IN ONE HOUR**

The Hour Record—one of the most coveted and most keenly contested speed records—stands to the credit of the

## SUPREME SUNBEAM

The Sunbeam won this distinction in a series of brilliant performances at Brooklands during October, 1913. In two days it established no fewer than 23 World's Records, viz., One Hour to Twelve Hours, and 100 Miles to 1,000 Miles. In the twelve hours it covered no less than 1,078 miles

MODELS: 12-16 h.p., 4 cyl., £395.; 16-20 h.p., 4 cyl., £510.; and 25-30 h.p., 6 cyl., £635. Complete with Touring Body and Dunlop grooved tyres as standard.

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD.,  
UPPER VILLIERS STREET, WOLVERHAMPTON;  
MANCHESTER: 112, DEANS GATE.  
Agents for London & District: J. KEELE, Ltd., 72, New Bond St., W.

## FORMOSA OOLONG TEA

UNTIL you have tasted Formosa Oolong Tea you cannot know what perfect tea is.

Formosa Oolong is a revelation of what the very best tea should be in its delicate aroma and refreshing fragrance. Its exceptional merit is due to the climatic conditions under which it is grown—its skilful culture—and its absolute purity.

Will you taste this delicious Tea? It can be had at the

## FORMOSA OOLONG TEA ROOMS

36, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.  
(Corner of Swallow Street).

where Luncheons, Teas, and Dinners are served in first-class style at moderate prices, or it can be ordered by post;

FORMOSA OOLONG PURE  
at 2/6 or 3/6 per lb., or

FORMOSA OOLONG BLEND  
at 2/6, 3/6, or 4/6 per lb.

Carriage paid to any address in the Kingdom.

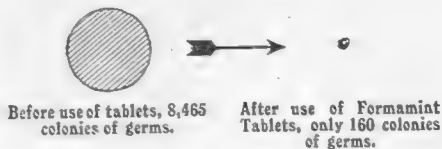




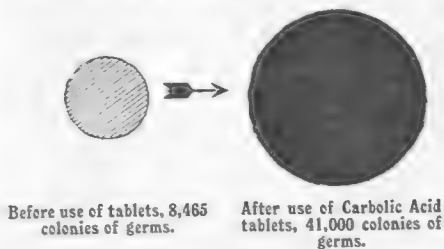
## Why Formamint is Best for Sore Throat and to Prevent Infection

### It Kills Germs which are not Killed by Carbolic Acid or Eucalyptus Tablets.

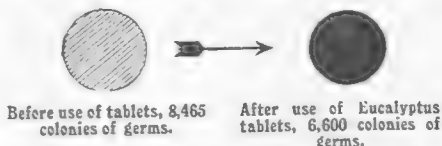
When you use Formamint Tablets the germs in your mouth are *practically all destroyed*.



But if you use Carbolic Acid tablets, the germs actually *increase*.



And if you use Eucalyptus tablets, the germs are only *slightly reduced*.



Therefore you should always use Wulfin's Formamint.

Remarkable Proofs in the "Lancet" by a Medical Officer of Health.

FOR your health's sake, you should *always* keep your mouth and throat "aseptic"—that is, free from the germs which cause Sore Throat, Influenza, Diphtheria, Measles, and other infectious diseases.

In order to do this, you should suck a few Formamint Tablets every day. For doctors have proved that Formamint does actually destroy germs in the mouth and throat, while the so-called "antiseptic pastilles" are practically useless for this purpose.

## WULFING'S Formamint

### the germ-killing throat tablet.

Here, for example, is a most interesting series of tests—illustrated by the accompanying diagrams—which everyone can understand. They were made by the Medical Superintendent of a large Infectious Diseases' Hospital, and were fully reported in the "Lancet."

He first ascertained the number of germs present in a normal human throat. Carbolic Acid tablets were then given, and the number of germs actually *increased* by 384.3 per cent. Eucalyptus tablets were next tried, and the number of germs certainly decreased, but only by 22 per cent.

When Wulfin's Formamint Tablets were given, the number of germs decreased by no less than 98.1 per cent., which practically amounted to complete sterilisation of the mouth and throat.

These results have been abundantly verified by thousands of other physicians. Their published testimony leaves no doubt that in Formamint we have a trustworthy preventive of infectious diseases, as well as a safe and pleasant remedy for simple germ-ailments, like Sore Throat and Mouth Troubles.

In order to protect your health against all such maladies, you should form the habit of sucking a few Formamint Tablets, morning and evening, as a part of your daily toilet routine.

Buy a bottle to-day at your Chemist's (price 1s. 11d.), or let us send you a Free Sample Supply. Address: A. Wulfin and Co., 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C., and please mention the "Sketch."

## Try the new LONDON MIXTURE

This very choice, new Pipe Tobacco is blended by Taddy's.

Ever since the reign of George II., Taddy's have specialised in the fine art of blending the choicest American and Oriental leaf, so as to bring out its utmost refinement and flavour.

Packed in 1 oz. and 2 oz. packets, and 2 oz., ½ lb. and ½ lb. tins

Always smoke Taddy's Tobacco—the finest tobacco in the best blend.

**TADDY'S**  
LONDON MIXTURE  
PER 5<sup>0</sup> OZ



## FOOT'S

THE "MARLBOROUGH."



## ADJUSTABLE REST-CHAIRS.

The seat, back, and leg rest can be instantly and independently adjusted by the occupant to any position of ease and comfort. Combines Chair and Couch.

It will rock or remain rigid at any adjustment.

The Leg Rest can be detached and used as an independent footstool.

The Adjustable Fit-the-Back Rest gives just the required amount of support to the small of the back when sitting, reclining, or lying at full length.

The Head Rest is adjustable to height of occupant. An ideal chair for reading, resting, smoking, or study.

Luxury for the strong, comfort for the invalid.

CATALOGUE C 13 OF ADJUSTABLE CHAIRS FREE.

**171 NEW BOND STREET**  
LONDON W

## RUMMER — AND RUMMER STILL: A CUP O' KINDNESS.



A "DWARF" TERRIER IN A GROG-GLASS: THE SMALLEST PINSCHER EXHIBITED AT A RECENT SHOW IN BERLIN.

The Dobermann Pinscher is one of the most important and distinctive of German terriers, and is a handsome black-and-tan dog of about the same weight as our Airedale. "The New Book of the Dog" describes him as lively and game, and a good vermin-killer, courageous, good-tempered, and devoted. "The breed is, perhaps, a manufactured one, and the resemblance to the Manchester Terrier suggests an English origin, although probably there was a cross with the Rottweiler dog, or the

French *chien de Beauce* . . . a terrier yet more popular in Germany is the smaller Wire-Haired Pinscher, familiarly known as 'the Rattler,' whose size is about the same as that of our Irish terrier. . . . There is a smooth-coated variety of the German pinscher, and mention may also be made of the Affenpinscher, or 'monkey terrier,' a small, wire-haired lady's-dog somewhat resembling the Brussels griffon." The "dwarf" pinscher here shown is seen in a glass suggesting the old "rummer."

Photograph by Haeckel.



WITH A STATUE THAT IS NOT OF GENERAL JOHN REGAN.

IN THE IRISH TOWN WHERE RIOTING OCCURRED AT THE THEATRE DURING A PRODUCTION OF ITS FORMER RECTOR'S "GENERAL JOHN REGAN": A STREET IN WESTPORT (OR BALLYMOY?) SUGGESTING THE SETTING OF THE PLAY.

A company playing "George A. Birmingham's" "General John Regan" had a troublesome experience the other day at Westport, Co. Mayo, a small seaside place at which Canon Hannay was Rector from 1892 until last year. Evidently Canon Hannay holds views with which certain of the inhabitants of that place do not agree, and these tried to prevent the piece having a hearing. Rioting followed, and police cleared the yard and the hall of the theatre by baton charges. Twenty men

were arrested. The company left for Sligo next morning; no disturbance occurred there. The chief cause of the trouble seems to have been the idea that Westport is the "Ballymoy" of the play and that it caricatures a "priest." Canon Hannay cannot understand to what the Westportians objected. The statue seen was erected to George [Glendenning, banker, son of a former rector of Westport, and a great benefactor to his native town. It commemorates his good deeds in time of famine.

*From the Etching by W. Monk. (See "Literary Lounger.")*



WITH THE SACRED CUP OF HIS QUEST: "THE GUILLESS ONE."



COVENT GARDEN'S FIRST PARSIFAL, WITH THE HOLY GRAIL: MR. HEINRICH HENSEL IN THE OPERA.

Mr. Heinrich Hensel, the first of the Parsifals at Covent Garden, was "discovered" in 1895, when he was twenty, by Felix Mottl, and studied in Vienna, in Milan, and New York. For three years he appeared in the Municipal Theatre in Freiburg, Switzerland; since then he has been at Frankfort-on-the-Main, Brussels, Paris, and

London, and in the United States. As to the Grail, Tennyson's lines may be remembered: "'The Holy Grail! . . . What is it? The phantom of a cup that comes and goes?' 'Nay, monk, what phantom?' answered Percivale. 'The cup, the cup itself, from which Our Lord Drank at the last sad supper with His own.'"

Photograph by Mocsigay.



## NOTED INDEED! THE SPIRIT



IN FANCY DRESS DESIGNED BY MR. PAUL RUBENS: MISS PHYLLIS DARE,

Miss Phyllis Dare wore the dress in which she is here seen at the recent Three Arts Ball, at Core

Photographs by R.

# T OF MUSICAL - COMEDY.



THE DORA MANNERS OF "THE GIRL FROM UTAH," AT THE ADELPHI.

Covent Garden. The gown represents "Musical-Comedy," and was designed by Mr. Paul Rubens.

*Mila Martin.*



## THE BEAUTY OF OLD AND THE BEAUTY OF TO-DAY: A STUDY.



WITH A VENUS DE MILO: MISS MARTHA HEDMAN, THE RENÉE DE ROULD OF "THE ATTACK,"  
AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

Miss Hedman, who now ranges herself under Sir George Alexander's banner in "The Attack," played the part of Renée in America, and continues to win approval here in the same rôle.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.



## TO GO TO CANADA NIGHTLY; THE FUTURE NORAH MARSH.



TO LEAD IN LONDON IN "THE LAND OF PROMISE": MISS IRENE VANBRUGH.

It is announced that whenever a successor to "Quality Street" shall be needed at the Duke of York's, Mr. Charles Frohman will present Mr. W. Somerset Maugham's "The Land of Promise," which was produced recently at the Lyceum, New York, with great success, and with Miss Billie Burke as leading lady. Here in London,

Miss Irene Vanbrugh will play the part, that of Norah Marsh. Canada is the Land of Promise of the title, and, although the piece opens at Tunbridge Wells, all its chief scenes are laid in the great Dominion; to be precise, in Manitoba.—[Photograph by Claude Harris.]



HULLO, TATE-O! "GO AWAY, YOU BOYS."



MINUS HIS PASSENGER, MISS WOULD-BE AVIATRESS: MR. BUCKS BEGOOD, THE FAMOUS UPSIDE-DOWN AIRMAN.

Mr. Harry Tate is here seen as the upside-down airman, Mr. Bucks Begood, in "Hullo, Tango!" at the London Hippodrome. He has as his passenger during this scene, Miss Ethel Levey, as Miss Would-be Aviatress.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.



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